

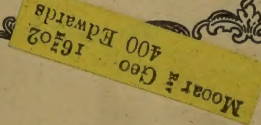
THE PACIFIC



Volume LI.

SAN FRANCISCO, JULY 11, 1901.

Number 28


CHRIST did not come so much to give a theory of life as to give life itself. He came to be Himself the new Centre for the affections of humanity, the Foundation for its faith, the Conqueror of its mortality, the Opener of the eternal gates. He was the Resurrection and the Life, not the mere teacher. He came not to develop the race but to recreate it. It is hardly correct to say that he put a fresh force at its centre unless it is understood that He Himself is the force. And the result has been that to-day multitudes have a more exulting faith in His Personality, in His Presence, in His power, than ever Napoleon's legions had in his. For the whole Church for nineteen hundred years bears witness that through Him we have access in one Spirit to the Father. By His incarnation, by the triumph of His perfect righteousness over the power of evil, by His Resurrection and His Ascension, He created a new order into which we may enter, an order which exists independent of our will. Entering into that order we have an immediate, personal, and direct knowledge of the Divine object of faith; entering that order we receive the beginnings of that communion which will endure through the eternal ages of the life of Christ in God. We obtain a direct vision of the glory of Christ, we know the exceeding greatness of the Divine power which raised up Christ from the dead. We find Christ directly in the pages of the Gospel as the Church will find Him to the end of time, for the Church receives the things of the Spirit of God while outsiders count them foolishness. To deny this is to call the long story of God's grace a dream, and to contest the incontestable sign."—W. Robertson Nicoll.

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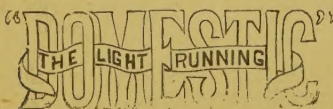
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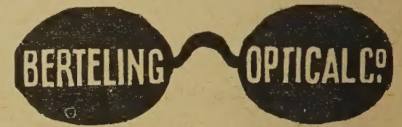
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THE PACIFIC

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Representative of the Congregational Churches of the Pacific Coast

San Francisco, Cal.

W. W. FERRIER, Editor.

Thursday, July 11, 1901.

The Secret of Content.

"Make a little fence of trust about to-day;
Plant the space with loving thoughts
And therein stay.
Look not through its sheltering bars,
Upon tomorrow.
God will help thee bear what comes of joy or sorrow."



The Fourth of July has passed, with its celebrations, its paeans over our national growth, prosperity, responsibilities and prospects. It is to be hoped, also, that due notice has been taken of the dangers which threaten us, and especially those which assail us at the point of our political duties, for the peril here is very real and very great. In this connection we commend to the serious consideration of every citizen the following words of George S. Graham, Esq., formerly district attorney of Philadelphia. They occur in the course of his address at the meeting recently held in that city to protest against the shameless prostitution of public trusts by a clique of corrupt politicians in city and in state. "O, I think," are his words, "I think sometimes, how little we appreciate the privilege of voting, how little we appreciate the privilege of self-government; how carelessly a man says: 'I am going upon a journey today; it is election day, but I will not remain at home to vote.' I wish I could impress upon every mind in this community the vital importance of the ballot, that silent, faithful, mighty expresser of the freeman's will. Men have fought for the privilege of casting it, the earth has been dyed red with the blood of the best and the truest in order that this great privilege might be attained, and yet we greet it today as if it were but an incident in American life, while the making of dollars and cents is the almighty and important aim of every American citizen. The political leader does not so value the ballot. He knows its power, and he makes every avenue to its control an avenue that comes under his personal domination. And there lie his strength and power."

An accident occurred last week to the linotype on which this paper is set up. It was a very little piece of steel which gave way, not larger than a Yale key, located away back in the machine, and the break was at its smallest part. But the linotype is a very complicated and delicate machine, and that little break effectually stopped

its working four hours while new adjustments were made; just in the same way as one apparently little sin, one which never comes out to ordinary view, a mere sin of thought, an infidelity to obligation—a neglect of prayer, a break in our kindly relations to fellow-Christians—may completely block all spiritual movement and bring life to a standstill, and this just when the demands upon it are greatest. Happy we, if, at such times, a clear eye, guided by sincere devotion, can quickly search out the paralyzing fault, and bring together the broken links, and perfect the inward harmony, that the life may once more move on its spiritual way.

The new management of the Southern Pacific Company have earned the gratitude of all who have the welfare of the community at heart by the order, just made public, abolishing the bar and forbidding the sale of liquor on any of the boats operated by them. (They had already shut it off from their cars.) No one who has ever been a witness to the scenes enacted there, no one who has grieved over the temptations thus thrown in the way of the young men who daily pass to and fro on those boats, and their generally demoralizing influence, can be other than thankful that the step has been taken. We congratulate the management, in the name of our churches. The reasons adduced for this step are no less honorable than the action. "We find," says Mr. Kruttschnitt, through his spokesman, "that the ferry boat is not the place to sell liquor. Some time ago, when it was sold on the trains * * * we found that we were placing temptation in the way of our employees. * * * There has frequently been trouble on the boats, and it has been found that the men procured their liquor from the ferry bar. We want our men to attend to the safety and comfort of our passengers, and it is not our policy to place temptation in the way of our men." These are high-toned business principles. And it needs but a slight extension of them, such as, we do not doubt, exists in the mind of Mr. Hays and Mr. Kruttschnitt, to cover the case of passengers as well. The responsibilities of a great carrying company like that of the Southern Pacific are not fulfilled in simply getting their passengers to their destination, without bodily harm; they are also—before God, certainly—bound to use all reasonable precautions to secure them against demoralizing influences while under their care. And such, confessedly, are those

which surround these public bars. As Mr. Kruttschnitt very justly says: "If the men want to conduct a saloon they can run them elsewhere than on our right of way." And just here we are reminded of a similar regulation, prohibiting any use of intoxicants, and some other related evils, to the employes in two of our great packing houses in Chicago. So business prudence and the Golden Rule together are working along toward the remedy of this gigantic evil, and the removal of this overhanging curse.

Recent statistics present an alarming view of the progress of the gambling spirit in Great Britain. One hundred million dollars, it is said, are thus every year diverted from the channels of legitimate industry. And of this enormous sum not less than \$50,000,000 are the impoverishment of the wage-earning class. The state of the case is not brighter in our own country, where the vice is extending with fearful rapidity among all classes, and drawing within its fatal sweep both young and old, both men and women. It is such facts as these which, more than anything else, prevent a sympathetic support of present demands of employes for shorter hours, more frequent holidays and increased wages. It is this, too, which causes thoughtful observers to look with hardly concealed disfavor upon those "liberal pension laws" of which so much is said, and under which our national treasury is so extravagantly depleted, with its resulting burdens upon tax-paying citizens. It is not because of indifference to the rights of labor, nor of ingratitude toward the nation's defenders, but because of the fear, amounting to sad conviction, that the advantages thus gained and the money thus disbursed will tend rather to the hurt of the classes primarily concerned, and for the enrichment of those whose prosperity is the disaster of the community. Let this apprehension be allayed, and neither reform, nor pensions, nor any other appeal to the generosity or justice of the nation will fail of heartiest sympathy and most liberal support.

In the course of a recent speech Lord Salisbury referred to the Boer war as England's "great crisis," expressing confidence of an early victory, but at large cost. Urging renewed energy in the conduct of the war he warned his hearers: "If you allow the belief to arise that you are unable or unwilling to defend your own territory, you will soon find that you have no territory to defend." The failure to realize this he considered to have been Mr. Gladstone's great mistake, and adds: "We must establish in the minds of the civilized world, especially in South Africa, the conviction that if our frontiers are violated, it will be a bitter time for those who have undertaken to do it. It is only by inspiring such a conviction that you can be safe. Now, that may be good statesmanship, as the world goes, though we doubt it; but in its tone and spirit it certainly is not Christian statesmanship. It has in it no single element

of agreement with Christ's Kingdom as set forth in his Sermon, no manifest reliance upon the conservative power of righteousness, no large and generous humanity, no apparent realization of God's favor as the all important consideration for the government and security of life, whether individual or national. Lord Salisbury may recognize all these as facts, in a general way; but when it comes to the practical application of these principles to life, and especially to national affairs, they seem altogether too visionary and nebulous. Yet nothing is more sure than that matters of state, as well as the conduct of individual life, must recognize the laws of the kingdom of Christ as supremely dominant before the confusion and discord which now prevail in the world can be replaced by that established peace for which we all do pray.

To Be a Liberal Christian.

Most people would rather like to be called liberal. In all the greater countries of our time the popular party is so named. There are obviously very good reasons in such countries why one would choose to be regarded a liberal Christian. Still, how indefinite such a combination of words must be. Is it not often supposed that such a one is a Christian who has no master, or has so many and so diverse that Christ is a minor matter in his thought and life? But that is neither Christianity nor freedom. For to be Christian and mean it is to put the Savior who bought us in the supreme place and let other things and persons drop into their proper and subordinate influence. If Christ were only one among several others with whom we have to do it would be slavish and narrowing to shape our conduct supremely by his standards. But the astounding claim made in the religion called Christianity is the Mastership of Jesus Christ. He stands among all other teachers of the way of life as Mount Shasta stands far above any minor slopes that lie in the valley below it. Does one grow narrow, becomes his range restricted as he goes up into the high mountain apart? No; the broader is the sweep of his vision and the more exhilarating is the sense of elevation.

We often recall one passage in the memoir of Frederick William Robertson. It has remained to us illumination and strength. In that passage the biographer tells us with what marked reverence and loyalty he was wont to utter the words, "My Master." He was conversant with great names and ideas in the literature of the world. He was counted among the broad churchmen of his day. He was a liberal in politics and religion. But he was one of those disciples who distinguish delicately between the docility due to other great names and that which is due to the Son of Man. The sheep hear the one voice as they hear no other. A stranger they do not follow; they do not know the voice of strangers. It is certainly one wholesome contribution which what is called Ritschlianism makes to current thought, that it at least emphasizes the point that it is Christ alone, in all the long centuries, that has revealed the Father, the one and indeed the final revelation of him in our human

flesh. As we think rightly of the planets in the solar system only as we see the sun at its centre, so we have the large and true view of our religion only as we acknowledge, not in creed only, but in the deep places of our spirits, the singular, the solitary authority of the Master.

We hear of anarchists who are reputed to hold that never will there be equity or freedom on the earth until civil government as now instituted shall be overthrown. But while we have too frequent occasion for discontent on account of what goes on under the forms and perversions of law in many lands, most of us would shrink with horror at the bare thought if today it was telegraphed that there is at Washington no President, no Supreme Court of Justice for the nation. The most dark and scandalous story told in our Scriptures was realized at that epoch when "there was no king in Israel and every man did that which was right in his own eyes." That is liberality which makes a people shudder. Even in what we think of as the great Christian world, the churches, there is often the aspect of confusion, even chaos. Still, there is one name enshrined in the familiar pages of the New Testament that preserves to us unity, and no little freedom.

The main question for most of us is not whether we will be Christians. That we intend, of course, to be. But it is whether Christ will be so very ascendant and controlling in our heart and life. And what shall be the grade and quality of our loyalty? The way Mr. Sheldon has been putting the matter may not be the final and all-inclusive view. But it is at least searching: What would Christ have me to do if he were in my place? Certainly, let us at least put it thus: What would Christ, the world's supreme Master, have me to do in the place I am now in? They who ask that question in good faith are free indeed.

M.

The Trend of Things.

Professor King has well pointed out the fact that in the Old Testament God "begins with Israel where they are," and the revelation grows only as humanity grows. One of the plainest facts about the Savior is that he dealt with men as he found them. He was not in any ordinary sense an iconoclast. Taking men as they were he worked with them in the direction in which they were willing to go. General Sherman said of General Grant that one of his faculties that contributed most to his success was that of seeing in what direction things could be made to go, and then going that way. It will help us in our work as Christians if we can gain something of the spirit and wisdom of the Master in this line.

There is a certain trend of events through all history in one direction. We may wisely fall in with the thought of the poet—

"Yet I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns."

We can narrow the poet's thought by leaving out "through the ages," and limiting it to a single genera-

tion. God's providence is moving upon the hearts of men in our day, shaping the world's affairs. Providence is a persistent influence or pressure in one direction, and the question for each one of us is, "What will be our relation to it?" Shall we be sons of thunder, or beloved disciples? To most of us it is more natural to be the first; it takes a great deal of divine grace to be the second. There is a vast difference between the iron-clad reformer and the wise, level-headed Christian worker. The one will tear everything to pieces in order to build his particular truth according to his ideals. The other will toil patiently beside humanity, and point always to something better. The one will be the soldier raging in battle; the other the nurse, binding up the wounds the first has made.

The Deluge and Pentecost are two great events in Bible history. If we read Genesis literally, and accept its statements as they stand, even God came to the conclusion that as a reformatory measure the deluge was not a great success. The scientists tell that the divine method is evolution; if that be true, it is not wise to try to make our method revolution. Better help God evolve than start out independently to make things revolve. As a matter of fact, a great many excellent people seem to be beating out their brains against walls of adamant in the effort to revolutionize society in one generation. The extremists are always in evidence. On every great moral question they take positions whose altitude can not be questioned, and then blame the rest of the world for not climbing up beside them. If that spirit is placed beside the spirit of the Master, any one with half an eye can see the difference.

Jesus refused to be a reformer; he declined to judge between brethren; he was unwilling to be put in any position where he set one man against another. He was looking for those who could recognize and obey a divine call. In God's providence the time had come when here and there were individuals who could appreciate the spiritual. With those Jesus began a process of selection, and by his life and self-sacrifice pointed them strongly in the direction in which they were capable of going. By this process he started a new trend of things, he prepared their minds for the coming of the Holy Spirit, he taught them to be heroes for principle. Their heroism did not manifest itself in division, in clinging to certain methods against the world, but in preaching and living the highest spiritual truth. The antagonisms they met were the natural resistance of falsehood to truth, the opposition of bad hearts to the effort to purify. The attitude of the modern reformer is not usually that of the early disciples.

He who tries devotedly to study men in order to learn their moods and tempers, to find where he may lend a hand and lift them higher, who studiously avoids harsh measures, who is more anxious to develop individual loyalty to the Savior than to upset existing institutions, is sure to be misunderstood. He will be called a policy man. He will be charged with catering to the rich. His motives will be misjudged. But if others look on him unkindly, he has the joyous consciousness of having helped

some one to a better life. Such a worker is starting trends of events in human souls that will continue in the right direction through eternity. He will not make much noise as he goes along, but many at the judgment day will rise up and call him blessed. He may not figure in the pages of history as having inflamed the passions of his fellow-men to set them to fighting, but his name will be in God's book of life as one who loved God, and so loved his fellow-men, and sought their betterment.

Turning from the individual, we find a great procession moving in one direction. We see it in Genesis; through all the tangled threads of human events there is a gradual tendency to one end. A nation is forming, a race is in progress of making. We are like those who find many paths in the forest, but gradually, out of their complexity, comes one straight road. We forget the tangles when the Hebrew race is really shaped. That record of Genesis is repeated continually. We are now in the midst of the tangle of our own age; but there is a divine purpose shaping a positive future.

The question is, "What is to be our relation to it?" Are we going to waste our lives pounding against immovable walls, or are we going to be helpers of God in the direction in which He is shaping affairs? Are we willing to patiently study existing conditions, see whither things are tending, and use all our strength in helping every tendency that is right? In the last instance our greatest victory will prove to have been the development of the patient, Christlike spirit that can bear with what can not be removed, and can build where construction is possible.

Our Father has promised not to drown all the evil out of the world; he has chosen another method, and has made his bow in the cloud a sign that can not be forgotten. He is developing a sanctified humanity; he is founding it upon the rock. He asks us to be fellow-workers with him. We find him not in wind and earthquake and fire, but in the still, small voice. Let us learn the lesson.

A.

We do but voice the general grief of the State when we announce the sudden death of Professor Joseph Le Conte, which occurred in the Yosemite Valley on Saturday last. Death was due to heart failure. An extended notice of Professor Le Conte by one than whom none is more competent to speak for "everybody's friend," will be found elsewhere in our columns.

In the death of Prof. John Fiske not only this country, but the whole world is bereft. As a philosopher, his face has been steadily toward the sun-rising; as an historian he leaves no superior, hardly any as his equal; and as a writer and lecturer his clear, forceful English style illuminated and made way for every subject he touched. On the Colonial period of American history he was the acknowledged authority; and in his philosophy he had advanced from the lowest to the highest plane of evolutionary theism. His little books, "The Idea of God," "The Destiny of Man," and "Through Nature to God,"

represent these latest stages of religio-philosophical thought.

Another man of national reputation and wide influence was the recently deceased Joseph Cook—he would not allow himself to be called a minister, though a graduate of Andover Theological Seminary. A man of striking personality, his Monday lectures inaugurated a new era of public teaching and accomplished not a little in molding public opinion upon the great theological and religious questions of the day.

Rev. Edward S. Tead, Secretary.

The Congregational Education Society is to be congratulated upon its new secretary, Rev. Edward Sampson Tead, for fourteen years past the pastor of the Prospect Hill Congregational church, in Somerville, Mass.

The writer of this note feels a peculiar satisfaction in this choice, having known Mr. Tead from his youth, as his boyhood's pastor, having had something to do with the beginnings of his Christian life, and having followed him, with not a little of a father's interest, throughout his collegiate and ministerial career of usefulness and honor.

Mr. Tead was born in Boston September 14, 1852. He is therefore in the very prime of a matured manhood. Since 1878 he has been in the active ministry, first at Cumberland Mills, Me., where he spent six years, and since then in his present pastorate at Somerville. Good in every department of work, but specially as an administrator, he has also had much success with young people; all of which is an augury for good in his new responsibilities.

He has been the chairman of Executive Committees on various occasions; the most recent being the Diamond Jubilee of the Congregational Home Missionary Society. He is also a member of the Executive Committee of the American Missionary Association, and in this capacity went to Porto Rico last winter as a special commissioner, to examine the work and opportunity for Christian education in that island.

We have dwelt upon these points at some length, not for the purpose of complimenting Mr. Tead, but to introduce him to the readers of the Pacific, and to bespeak for him their confidence in the office to which he has now been elected, and for which he seems so admirably fitted.

Chronicle and Comment.

The Christian (London) says that revenue returns show that the consumption of drink is twice as much in Great Britain as in the United States.

The Boys' Club of the Park Congregational church, Berkeley, is in camp at Orinda Park. Their pastor, Rev. W. H. Scudder, accompanies them.

Rev. Sydney Gulick, in a brief note from Japan, under date of June 8th, conveys the cheerful news that they "are in the midst of a revival—large prayer-meeting every night this week; planning for a week of preaching."

This time it is San Francisco. Andrew Carnegie has made another of his royal grants. Seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars are promised to San Francisco for public library buildings, on condition that the city agrees to furnish the sites and to expend not less than \$75,000 yearly in their maintenance.

The Exposition Number of the World's Work is very attractive, including ninety-three illustrations of the Pan

American Exposition. The publishers state that the success of the magazine has been remarkable. They are buying up the July number wherever copies can be obtained, to supply new subscribers.

Demeter Stephanov, a graduate of Yale, class of '99, has been working since then as conductor of an electric car. At the same time he has been pursuing post-graduate studies. At the recent commencement he received from Pres. Hadley the Master's degree, with honor, in recognition of his good work. It that young man is sound morally and physically, he is bound to make a success of life. The honors are for such.

Senator James H. Kyle of South Dakota died July 1st, of heart failure originating in malaria. Senator Kyle at the time of his election to the U. S. Senate, in 1890, was pastor of the Congregational church in Aberdeen, S. D. He was re-elected in 1897. Elected first as an "Independent," his affiliations have been more Republican than Democrats. His course, while not brilliant, has at least been clean and honorable, worthy of his Christian profession.

Professor George Frederick Wright, who has been called the Oberlin world-wandering Odysseus, says that he had to behave during his entire world pilgrimage, for Oberlin eyes were constantly upon him. California seemed full of Oberlin students, Honolulu full of them, the universities of Japan headed by them, with the same condition in China, extending into the interior of Kalgan. Even in Siberia he could not escape them, finding an old graduate of Vladivostock.

The alumni collection of books, which was exhibited at the reunion last June, now contains over fifteen hundred volumes, all by graduates of Oberlin, arranged according to the college class of the authors. Plans for the new chapel provide that it is not to be built until the fund, which is now about \$75,000, has reached \$90,000. It is to have a seating capacity of 2,200, with choir seats for 150. The building is to be as nearly as possible fire proof, and is to be so arranged that it can be emptied rapidly in an emergency.

The Trustees of Oberlin are taking all possible steps to raise the \$150,000 necessary to complete the \$500,000 increase of endowment on which Mr. Rockefeller's gift was conditioned, and it is confidently expected that the first of next January will see the conditions fulfilled and the added endowment in the possession of the college. Mr. Rockefeller's gift of \$200,000 last winter is the largest addition ever made at one time to Oberlin's endowment, and if the \$500,000 limit is reached by the end of the year, as seems probable, the increased income will mean steady growth in all directions of college activity.

Harvard University is again the recipient of two notable trusts. Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan cables from London a gift of \$1,000,000 for the erection of three buildings for the use of the Medical Department. The buildings are to be his memorial of Mr. J. S. Morgan, formerly of Boston, but at the time of his death resident in London. Another announcement, made at the alumni dinner, was of an architectural building, in cost amounting to some \$500,000, and in design providing not only for its erection, but also for its complete equipment for the study of architecture and for its maintenance and repair. It, too, is a memorial gift by the parents of Nelson Robinson, deceased, a member of the class of 1900.

The Trustees of the Hartford Seminary have decided to give the oratorical side of the instruction of the insti-

tution fuller recognition, and have elected to the post of associate professor of elocution and English Rev. Stephen T. Livingston, now assistant professor of oratory and English in Williams College. Mr. Livingston is the son of a former missionary of the American Board in Bulgaria, a graduate of Williams College in 1887 and of Hartford Seminary in 1891. After being pastor for five years at South Egremont, Mass., he was called in 1896 to the place in Williams that he has since occupied. He is well known as a writer and critic, as well as a successful teacher.

The catalogue of Talladega College, Talladega, Ala., just issued shows that it is now eighty-four years since the American Missionary Association opened this school, which was afterward chartered as Talladega College, whose students now number 586 colored youth of both sexes, representing 37 counties of Alabama and ten Southern States and India. The real estate of the College is now about 300 acres, much of it valuable and all of it useful for buildings, gardens, farm, forest, or pasture. This year is witnessing the erection of the girls' industrial cottage, so that now the college has two school buildings, a hall for young men, six houses for teachers, with shops, printing office and other facilities for industrial teaching. Its property, exclusive of endowments, is valued at \$185,000. The college is without State aid, and its resources at present are from the income of about \$187,000 of invested funds, and gifts, mainly through the American Missionary Association. Most of the theological students perform mission work in the surrounding country, for which they receive a small compensation, thus enabling them to continue their studies without becoming involved in debt. Training in the industries has always received attention. The course in forging consists of a progressive series of forty-five exercises, taken from the course in use at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, comprising work in both iron and steel. About one hundred volumes have been added to the library this year.

Quiet Corner Notes.

By W. N. Burr.

A man sat in weariness at his window. He was caught in the toils of both physical weakness and mental depression, but his heart was open to any message of strength that might come to him.

It had been raining that day, and the olive-tree just outside was dripping. The wet leaves showed a darker, richer green than usual, and some of them had turned their silvery side outward.

Suddenly the olive-tree began to comfort the man with a message from the Twenty-third Psalm. The message was written on the leaves of the tree. Green and silver—grass and water!—and the words moved soothingly through the man's mind: "He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still waters—the waters of quietness."

As if that were not enough the further thought came: "The olive is the symbol of peace. From henceforth in every olive-tree I shall see the green pastures and the still waters in the quiet Valley of Peace."

But best of all: As he sat thinking it all over he found himself repeating the words in this way, "He maketh *me* to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth *me* beside the still waters."

The Lord spoke from the olive-tree that day, and one of his weary followers found rest.

Corona, Calif.

The Late Professor Joseph Le Conte.

By President J. K. McLean.

When, on Saturday last, Professor Joseph Le Conte passed out of the glories of the Yosemite into the higher glory of the Unseen, California lost her first citizen, America one of her foremost teachers and the world one of its noblest men. No person in our State, few individuals in the Nation could be so widely, so sincerely and so justly mourned.

Dr. Le Conte was a great man. He was great by natural endowment—great in intellectual and scientific attainment, greater still in his personal qualities and in their rare combination. He richly embodied in himself and exhibited in his career the loftiest characteristics of refined and exalted manhood.

He was a great-minded man. He was wide-seeing. His look went beneath all surfaces, beyond all horizons, above all zeniths. He saw not only things, but the significance of things. He saw their co-relation and inter-relation, but perceived also their portent and their prophecy. He saw the body of them and the soul of them. Nature he knew not merely as an entity, but as endued with a subtle kind of personality. He knew her not only in her phenomena, her forces and her operations, but in her soul as well; to him nature was endowed with motherhood and with a great tenderness of mother love. Nature and the things of nature spoke to him; they spoke to his deepest intelligence; as he himself used to say, they "preached" to him; they spoke out of an intelligence far deeper than their own. To his ear their words came as the Christ said his words came: "The words that I speak unto you I speak not of myself; but the Father abiding in me doeth his works." To Dr. Le Conte all nature preached; her words were not her own, but the words of the Father.

But he saw more widely than within the province of what is called natural truth. He went out also into the domains of philosophic truth and truth spiritual. No one department of research blinded him to the existence of others equally important; no one continent of truth satisfied the cravings of his mind, his nature compelled him to be an explorer in all continents. One characteristic he possessed in this relation in marked contrast with many of his class; his mind was always much more alive to the greater truth he did not know than to the lesser truth he did know.

He was a great-souled man. There was nothing of narrowness about him nor littleness of any sort. He had not that pride which "a little learning" breeds, nor that affectation of humility that is born of self-confidence. He stood alike above the petty motives and ambitions, above the petty jealousies and acrimonies which infest smaller natures. He was, and without effort or consciousness, magnanimous to all; to those who disagreed with him and to those who did agree. He could see, and despite its fragmentariness, acknowledge the partial truth; he could give credit, in so far as his work had any trace of merit, even to the bungler; and to the ill-informed, if his statement only verged upon hard fact. He was gentle to all, patient with all. He did not condescend, for he did not need to; his own large manhood went out spontaneously to manhood in whatever setting, in whatever degree, upon whatever plane. He gave of himself and of his best, and did it with equal zest, to the learned and to the unlearned. The outpourings of his large culture were allowed to fall, like God's sunshine and God's rain, upon the deserving and the undeserving.

Upon still other sides he showed his greatness of soul. He was courageous; he was full of hope for humanity and for the general order of things. He had large faith in God and in men. He expected well of all. He, in a word, well exemplified St. Paul's ideal of great-souledness; he suffered long and was kind; he envied not; vaunted not himself, was not puffed up, did not (and could not) behave himself unseemly; he was devoid of self-seeking; was not provoked, took no account of evil, rejoiced not in unrightness, but rejoiced with the truth, whosoever truth it might be; he bore all things, believed all things, hoped all things, endured all things. His large-souledness never failed.

He was a great-hearted man. Herein lay his chief charm and power; hence came much of his wondrous aptness to teach. He possessed large geniality, distinct warmth of manner, unfailing courtesy and affability—all these a heritage from his Southern birth and breeding. He was endowed with an extraordinary breadth of sympathy—sympathy toward all things and all persons. Even incapacity appealed to him more than it offended him; incorrigible stupidity he often pitied, never blamed. He was possessed of large personal magnetism. And coupled with this was an enthusiasm which never flagged. This last was infectious, irresistible. It gave life to the driest topic. It chained and charmed the most indifferent listener. No man ever possessed a greater charm of comradeship. To be selected as member of one of Dr. Le Conte's summer expeditions was esteemed even by the raw college boy as one of the highest of honors and privileges. The diary of that famous trip of 1870, with five or six college men, through the Yosemite and its environs, will always stand as a classic among records of ideal relation between teacher and taught. Notwithstanding the almost measureless distance between the knowledge, attainment and capacity of the leader of the party and his followers, each fellow most profoundly felt throughout every day of the trip that he was having the most glorious time a fellow could have, and recognized that the chief joy, and all of the glory of it, came from the rare personality of "Dr. Joe."

Of Professor Le Conte's *religious character* there is here neither space nor need to speak. He had been carefully nurtured in reverence and Christian faith. These were strengthened and fed rather than impaired by his scientific pursuit. God was to him first, last, and always—the supreme conception and ultimate fact. In his latest book, for example: "Culture takes away our Gods, but only to compel us to seek him in nobler form until we reach the only true God. * * * Thus science more than all other kinds of culture, simplifies, while it infinitely ennobles and purifies our conceptions of the Deity."

Professor Edward R. Taylor, who was Dr. Le Conte's close companion in this last trip of his life, and who accompanied the remains of his friend from the Yosemite to his home in Berkeley, says of him: "His was a deeply religious nature. I remember that when he was discussing the trips we would take, he said that we should visit Vernal Falls and other points on Saturday, and then he added, 'and on Sunday I want to rest and look at old South Dome and hear him preach.'"

The Sunday came. Dr. Le Conte rested. But he did not, as he anticipated, look at old South Dome, and he needed no longer the intervention of earthly preaching. He spent that holy day in a grander temple; he had before him a more glorious object of contemplation. He saw the great, white throne; his soul no longer took in truth by interpretation, but by direct impartation.

The Bystander.

Redwood Sketches.

The man with the camera has come to the redwoods, and the Bystander has watched his doings with much interest. He, the Bystander, has never been able to manipulate the thing called a camera—that little black box which tourists sling over the shoulder. The rifle has always been the Bystander's companion. He has always enjoyed the flash of fire, the puff of smoke, and the peculiar thrill which comes of hitting, or, what is more probable, of missing something. The gun as an instrument of murder is not in its proper place. There are other uses for a gun beside killing things. Target practice is a means of mental and physical stimulus and a most delightful sport. The camera is very different from the rifle. It is a mysterious thing, a sort of magical memory-box containing pictures from life, beautiful impressions which grow precious in proportion as the years roll by. The Bystander is not surprised to know that many people carry cameras, and that there is a craze to have one's picture taken. Certainly, the introduction of the kodak has been the cause of revolutionizing photography, and creating a type of photograph more natural, graceful and attractive.

The Bystander went with the camera crank on a boat in search of scenes. It was a lovely stream, whose crystal waters reflected the haze of green which shimmered on its surface, in which one saw pictures of gnarled roots, giant trees and the rough outlines of gray rocks. These colors danced and trembled in the ripples of colored water which rolled back from the oar's dip, making a scene of rare loveliness. The Bystander saw at once that this man with the camera had made a study of effects, of lights and shadows, of foreground and background, and, as a connoisseur would study a Turner in the National Gallery, he critically estimated the elements entering into the living picture of sky, rock, tree and water. He did not take the impression until the picture was complete, and then, with the same satisfaction that the hunter shoots the deer, he snapped the funny-looking thing, and was prepared to carry back the sketch from the redwoods to the busy life of the city.

The Senator and the Boys.

On the morning of the Fourth of July the Bystander was walking through one of the finest groups of redwoods in the State, when he observed a gentleman interesting himself in a company of boys who were dressed in faded blue clothes. It was Senator Perkins, talking to a company of boys connected with an orphanage in San Francisco, of which he has been the president for many years. Forty-six hundred boys have been "placed" and started in life from this institution during the past twenty years. Senator Perkins had come out to the camp to talk Fourth of July. The Bystander gathered with the company under the giant trees, which make a natural audience-room, and listened to the exercises. He pictured this man in the Senate, dealing with weighty state problems; but he was convinced that in the long future he will be remembered quite as truly in the lives of these boys as in the annals of the government. When men of influence take an interest in wayward boys they do more for the government than participating in mere politics. Among the pictures taken from the trees, this of the United States Senator assisting the homeless, friendless boys to explode firecrackers and giving them sound advice, will always occupy a first place.

In the Little Church.

The mention of such a service reminds the Bystander of a rural Methodist church where he worshiped one Sunday evening. It stands among the hills in the forest and is the centre of a charming sylvan scene. It was not a large congregation that gathered, but it was earnest and sincere. Many sects were represented, but we were all united in the bonds of a common spirit. The Bystander talked to the people on a simple theme, and then the opportunity was given for "testimonies." It has been some time since the Bystander heard old-fashioned testimonies, hearty "Amens," and listened to spontaneous singing. Here in the mountain fastnesses one found the primitive Methodism, amusing to some, puzzling to others, but making a profound impression on all.

The "exhorter" of the olden time was present and he followed the sermon with an exhortation to repentance. The simplicity of the service, the organ notes, the hearty responses, the dominant thought, were in harmony with the evening, the stars, the bells, the hills, the mighty sky, the grand silence without; and as the people went home there seemed to follow with them the very peace of God.

The Madrone with the Burned Heart.

It stands at the turn of the road on a high hill. It is a large, friendly madrone tree, with leaves of deep green and great, open branches of gold. It bids you welcome and says, "Come, worship under my branches; come, find shade beneath my open arms." But its heart seems to be burned away, and what remains is charred and black. Still it stands, and has stood for years, a pathetic thing, dead, yet alive. The Bystander has been writing much about trees, and is convinced that they have their sorrows. They are devastated by storm and fire and cut by the woodman's steel. They are so human in their troubles. This particular madrone appealed to the Bystander in its own behalf and for its own sake, and also for what it symbolized—the lives around us golden without, but hollow and black within; the lives with the burned heart. There are so many lives which, judged from appearances, are solid and true and strong; but they have ears but hear not, and eyes but see not, they have hearts but feel not.

And yet this old and stately madrone does its goodly work, for as the Bystander rode along he found cattle chewing their cud under it. It sheltered them from the blazing sun. It would appear that God does sometimes make use of what is left in us. He takes the shell and makes it thunder with the ocean's swell; he takes the bark and writes our thoughts upon it; and the one last remaining talent, and blesses somebody with its feeble ministry. While a man lives and moves and has a being, he may be useful; and the heart of stone may be turned to a heart of flesh, and where there is darkness the Light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world may shine with radiance divine. There are those without hope who may give others hope.

A Little Hindoo Boy's Prayer.

A missionary lady had a little Hindu orphan named Shadi living with her. She had taught him about Jesus, and one night, when he was six years old, she said to him, "Now, pray a little prayer of your own." And what do you think Shadi's prayer was? It was a good prayer for any little child to make, for it was this: "Dear Jesus, make me like what you were when you were six years old."—Child's Gem.

Trials, like the water against the wheel, keep the machinery of Christian duty going.

Lowell Mason.

Rev. A. W. Ackeman, D.D., Portland, Ore.

The American Development of Church Music.

If I were to take a text, it would be the sixteenth chapter of Ezekiel, which contains one of the most pathetic allegories in all literature. The prophet sets forth in this chapter the lowly origin of the beautiful and holy city, Jerusalem. He likens it to a female child which was born into a family composed of a Hittite mother and an Amorite father; an unwelcomed child and therefore unbathed, unclothed, unloved. She was left in open field to die. But there came one who had pity on her, took her to his home, nursed her tenderly, protected and provided for her, watched as she grew in strength and beauty and matured into a graceful womanhood. He was telling his listeners that Jerusalem was founded by a mixture of races, occupied hurriedly, carelessly, with no intention of building a great city; its inhabitants were refugees, it found no welcome, its neighbors were hostile, it was in danger of early extinction; but God saw it, protected it, saved it, loved it, and tenderly cared for it, until it had grown to power and beauty.

The application of our subject is suggestive, if not close, for the beginnings of the noble art of music in America were quite as humble and unprotected as the child of the story or the city of history. Music as such had no welcome among the founders of this Republic. It was ignored for the most part and only tolerated by the Pilgrims and Puritans of New England. German church music was cradled in classic Greece; English church music was a combination of the Gregorian mode, the austerity of the Puritan psalm-singing, and the freedom of the people's songs or ballads; but America has had no pagan past, has had no native folk songs, is not at heart a music-making nation; the songs its plow-boys whistle are imported and its national anthems have a foreign origin. It will be a surprise to many to know that the cradle of American music was in Geneva, in the heart of pure Calvinism, where pure congregational singing in the service of the sanctuary was first introduced. The founders of the colonies in New England came from this psalm-singing stock and brought with them to Plymouth and Boston a hatred of secular music and a creed that looked upon church choirs as an abomination and instrumental music as a snare of the devil. And yet, it is to the New England colonies that we must go to find the corner-stone of the foundation of all the musical development of America.

The first book that was printed in this country was the Bay Psalm Book, which reached thirty editions in America and forty editions in England; the first music printed in America was the ninth edition of this Bay Psalm Book; the first book printed on paper manufactured in the colonies was a collection of psalm tunes, engraved by Paul Revere, which contained in its preface a hope that home industries would be patronized; the first American musical composition was a hymn tune; the first singing school was a church choir; the first music teachers were Puritan clergymen; the first book of practical instructions in singing was by a Puritan clergyman; the most enthusiastic advocates of musical culture were Puritan clergymen; John Cotton was the first to insist upon the necessity of musical training for the better service of God's house; John Eliot, the Apostle to the Indians, not only taught his Indians to sing, but published a pamphlet in defense of singing by note rather than by the ear.

The Puritan fathers came to the business of singing

the Lord's praises with all the seriousness of their nature. For the first eighty or ninety years they used but five different tunes, to which they sang the whole psalter in old-fashioned heroic doses, for sometimes a psalm would take a half-hour to sing, and they always stood as they sang. Such constant use made the tunes almost as sacred as the Scripture; men would doff their hats as they worked in the fields if they heard one of these tunes and the Mass. General Court has publicly censured a man for speaking contemptuously of them. So thoroughly did the people know them that they would improvise upon them by adding grace notes, until they were sung in every conceivable way but the right way, making, as John Adams said, "all the drawing, quavering discord in the world"; or, according to Dr. Walter of Roxbury, a sound "like five hundred different tunes roared out at the same time."

Now, this superstitious regard for special hymn tunes is the secret of the awful struggles that divided churches and made heart-burnings. For no step forward was ever taken without the most bitter opposition. In his pamphlet on music John Eliot introduced a lamentation that "music, which is itself concord, harmony, melody, sweetness, and tends to raise devotion and the praises of God, should become the occasion of strife, debate, discord, contention, quarrelling and all manner of disorder." The suggestion to add a hymn tune to the list in use would often open grave discussion and sometimes division, requiring at times the vote of the entire parish to settle the dispute. The attempt to rid the tunes of the ridiculous grace notes threw the town of Bradford into a flame of excitement. At Braintree the minister suspended seven or eight members who persisted in singing by note, or accurately. A council was called, which restored the offending members and ordered the church to sing by note and by ear alternately, for the satisfaction of all parties. Three months later the minister preached in his own house while those who sang by note held a service in the meeting house, where a deacon read a sermon and prayed with them. The reason for such opposition to the change was given by one who wrote: "I have great jealousy that once we begin to sing by note, the next thing will be to pray by rote, and then comes popery." If there was one thing those old Puritans feared more than another, it was a step toward popery.

As a general rule the clergy were in favor of this reform and gradually a reader was appointed to give out the psalm and pitch the tune, being excused from paying his poll tax as reward for his service. He was assisted in leading the congregation by a select number of good singers and a "pitch-pipe, very much like a mouse-trap," but this innovation was introduced gradually and stealthily, for it is recorded that it was "kept out of sight and passed from lip to lip as slyly as a bottle of brandy in a stage coach." The custom of lining out the psalm or reading a line and then singing it, was established by Parliament in 1644 and introduced into New England at Plymouth in 1631, but it did not become general until 1750. It often led to utter confusion of all sense, e. g., when the leader would read, "The Lord will come and He will not," and after the congregation had sung that he continued with "Keep silence, but speak out." Dr. Watts called it an unhappy way of singing and confessed that in his paraphrase he had "done what he could to make the sense complete in every line or two." But after thirty years of use it could not be abolished without heart-rendings. At Worcester the parish voted to sing the psalms without reading the lines. On the next Sunday Deacon Chamberlain rose to read as had been

his custom, but the choir did not wait for the reading of the second line. The deacon read on until he was overpowered, and then he seized his hat and left the church in tears. The victorious choir finished the psalm and the deacon was formally censured for absenting himself from public worship. There is no small element of grim humor in these soul-stirring convictions, this clinging to custom, which had been the folly from which these independents had revolted.

As Dr. Watts' hymns displaced the Bay Psalm Book there was felt the need of a greater number of tunes. It began to be noted that hymn and tune should fit each other; favorite tunes were coming to the place of prominence, and there was a disposition to adapt the tune by some slight change. From this spirit of expression arose the first school of American musicians, of which Wm. Billings was the chief. He was both choir master and tanner and confessed himself, in his first book, to be a "Native of Boston in New England." In the same connection he quotes Matt. xxi: 16, "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou perfected praise"; then adds—

"O, praise the Lord with one consent,
And in this grand design,
Let Britain and the Colonies
Unanimously join."

Billings was a rough, uncouth man, somewhat deformed, i. e., blind of one eye, one arm withered, one leg shorter, an inveterate snuff-taker, with a powerful voice which drowned every other singer near him. And yet he was the first composer in America, writing the first musical composition on a side of leather with a piece of chalk, publishing the first original music of the nation in "The New England Psalm Singer, or American Chorister," and by so doing broke the ice into which the free waters of song had been congealing.

The music of Billings was an innovation, but it caught the public spirit and immediately became popular. Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, in one of her stories, compares the two styles as follows: "The church chant was like the measured motion of the mighty sea in calm weather, but those old fusing tunes were like the same ocean aroused by stormy winds, when deep calleth to deep in tempestuous confusion, out of which at last is evolved union and harmony. It is a music suggestive of the strife, the commotion, the battle cries of a transition period of society, struggling onward towards dimly seen ideals of peace and order." Billings came to the kingdom for such a time as this. He published his first book in 1770, and trifling as some of his songs were, yet they helped to win the victory of the Revolutionary War. His paraphrase of the 137th Psalm was taking because it was timely: "By the Rivers of Watertown we sat down; yea, we wept when we remembered Boston," which was then in the hands of the British. "If I forget thee, O Boston—

"If I forget thee, O Boston—

* * * * *
Then let my numbers cease to flow,
Then be my muse unkind;
Then let my tongue forget to move,
And ever be confined.
Let horrid jargon split the air,
And rive my nerves assunder;
Let hateful Discord grate my ear,
As terrible as thunder.

The tune Chester, with the words, "Let the tyrants shake their iron rods," was caught up by the people, sung by church choirs, at the family hearth, in the camps of militiamen stationed in the South, and was heard from every fire in New England during the trying days of the Rev-

olution. But when the peace came, although such tunes as Coronation, by Oliver Holden, had been contributed by American musicians, the reaction came also, and in many churches every original American psalm tune was excluded from the hymn books.

It is claimed that Billings was the first to introduce the violoncello into the choir. It was called "the Lord's fiddle," to rob it of the curse that might be expected. But this did not save it. The church at Middleborough voted that it should not be brought into the service under any circumstances; the godly people of Framingham left the church when they heard it; Dr. Emmons of Franklin left the pulpit and refused to preach. Churches were known as "cat-gut" and "anti-cat-gut," but the 'cello held its own and gathered to its aid the flute, clarinet, trombone and violin. In 1713 Mr. Brattle bequeathed an organ to Brattle Square church, but they declined to accept it. It was turned over to the King's Chapel, where it remained in the porch, unpacked, for nine months. When it was finally installed Cotton Mather devoted a Thursday evening lecture to a criticism of it. In 1735 the church at Berkeley was presented with an organ, but it was voted, "an organ is an instrument of the devil, entrapping men's souls," and declined the gift. So late as 1790, only one hundred and ten years ago, when an organ was installed in the Brattle Square church, one of the members offered to pay all the expenses and add a sum to be spent for the poor of the city if they would allow him to "throw the unhallowed instrument into Boston harbor." But the strings made way for the organ and materially furthered the enrichment of divine service.

Probably the best work that Billings did was to inaugurate singing schools and conventions, which really are the foundation of the musical culture of the people which has made New England the musical centre for many years of America. Rising out of the enthusiasm of this uncouth musician, at the time of his death in 1800, musical societies were organized all over the country, from Maine to Georgia. Dartmouth College had its Handel Society; the Park Street church, on Brimstone Corner in Boston, had the best choir in the city. In it were Gen. H. K. Oliver, the author of Federal Street, and Mr. Jonas Chickering, the founder of the great piano house. A Peace Jubilee, by this choir, was held in King's Chapel, to celebrate the end of the war of 1812, on the night of February 22, 1815. The Boston papers wanted more of the same kind. The result of that request was the organization of the Handel and Haydn Society, and the choir of Park Street church was the nucleus of the organization. The second president and director of the Handel and Haydn Society was Lowell Mason.

It might be said that there was very little in common between Billings and Mason, yet Mason took the work of Billings in every line and carried it on to completion. Lowell Mason was born in Medfield, Mass., in 1792. According to his own statement, he did nothing for twenty years but play on all manner of instruments. At 16 he was a choir leader. At 20 he went to Savannah, Ga., as a bank clerk spending his evenings in the study of music. Feeling the need of a collection of music for the use of the choir which he directed, he compiled from many sources what is known as the "Boston Handel and Haydn Society Collection of Church Music," because that organization published it for him. The income from its sale put the society on a fine foundation. It has been called "epoch-making." He struck in with the new current and became its leader. The churches were fast becoming songless. Ministers complained that the people

would not sing. Mason said they would if they only understood the value of congregational singing and had attractive songs to sing. He began to lecture upon music in the churches and was in demand in all parts of New England, where he now made his home.

He was not a great composer, but he wrote tunes which the ordinary person can sing and left an indelible impress upon the music of the church. In "The Church Hymnal" there is but one other composer who has contributed more tunes—one tune in every 19 being by Mason, and they are the ones we sing the most and love the best. His tune, "From Greenland's Icy Mountains," has been sung in more languages than any other sacred song. With others, he secured the founding of the Boston Academy of Music and served as its head teacher. He visited Europe twice to study the work of other educators and brought back the influence of the choral music of Bach and Handel. He gathered a very valuable musical library and gave it to Yale College. While at the head of the Academy of Music he used his influence to secure the introduction of music into the public schools of Boston. The School Board consented to the experiment, but the City Council would not make an appropriation for the purpose; Mason offered to teach for one year in one school without pay. At the close of the year the Board unanimously placed music on the same footing as all the other studies in the public schools, and Mason was made superintendent of that department. What that has meant to the musical culture of the average New Englander can never be estimated, and what it has meant to the development of congregational singing in the churches is equally inestimable. When Dr. Howe was founding his school for the blind, Mason devised a system of musical instruction for these unfortunate people.

He was a modest man, thoroughly kind and disinterested, encouraging young musicians of ability to achievements that might make them the pride of their country, and giving his life to lifting the mass of people to the level where they might appreciate the work of the great masters. He received his reward. He was given the degree of Mus. Doc. by the New York University, the first degree of its kind given in America. His publications were numerous—as many as forty collections, and very popular—netting him a handsome fortune; his son says that from one collection alone he received one hundred thousand dollars, and he used his money freely to promote the interests of musical culture. It is said that through Lowell Mason Boston became a self-developing, musical city, while New York has received its musical culture from abroad.

The lesson from this survey of distinctly American church music is at least twofold. The music of the sanctuary is no trifling matter. It in a measure reflects the spirit and life of the people. A singing church is a joyful church and when the element of Christian song is tolerated, it will find its expression in spite of all the canons of music as a fine art, in spite of all the authority of custom. It wins its way against opposition. The people are not able to sing as an artist sings; the element of personality must be considered and nature will have its way when all is said. Therefore, if there is to be congregational singing that shall be tuneful and worshipful, there must be training. If the children do not get it in the public school as they do in New England, and as they ought in all parts of the land, then the Church must maintain such training else its service of song will suffer. We need a Lowell Mason in these days to arouse us to our duty and help us to lead the children of the heavenly King in singing his praises abroad.

Acorns from Three Oaks.

Aloha.

The Children's Fourth of July.

While some of us were questioning what our civic duties for the glorious Fourth might be, and quietly hoping that we might be allowed to swing our hammocks in social delight and ease under the finest black oak in California (Pres. Jordan says we undoubtedly have it), the Saratoga children, of their own accord, rose up and proposed that young America have a celebration of their own. It quite took away some conservative breaths. But the children, with some parliamentary mistakes, yet with vim and decision, went ahead and appointed their committees as they had seen their elders do. It is a sincere delight to record their unqualified success. It was done after school had adjourned, so they were without the guidance of their teachers. They were fortunate in their choice of a cultivated and scholarly lawyer of San Jose, Hon. John E. Richards, for their orator. When they had money in their treasury they had nerve to engage the Boys' Band of San Jose to come and play for them. It was an instance of young America's winning by courage. Some of us thought the money might be kept at home. But it paid to bring the jovial group of young musicians from the county town to aid a children's celebration. We are fortunate in having a beautiful grove about a mile from town. The procession to this fine picnic ground was better than Saratoga has ever known before. The day was perfect. The "Goddess of Liberty" had appropriate car and maids in attendance. "California" and her bear were worthy of place in a San Francisco parade. If you doubt it, see the picture. Our good pastor made the opening prayer at the school-house, where the eager children hurried up the flag, and we learned next day that we had escaped all accidents, while we regret that our neighbors suffered.

There was unusual competition in the county, not less than five towns having celebrations. In this patriotic spirit we rejoice. I did not see a drunken man. Nor hear an angry word. Nor see a selfish action. Some of the children were more eager to decorate the grounds than to clear away the debris, but this, too, is sometimes true of grown-up children. The games were lively and clean. Even the slippery pole, which the plucky little Thompson boy climbed to win the leg of mutton, furnished soft-soap enough to wash his grimy overalls. If any of you think a greased pole means a vulgar show, as I feared—horrible old conservative that I am—stand by and see a little hero win his way up to victory by grit. Hurrah for the Saratoga children! God bless them all!

Village Harmony.

As I had a good view of the platform from my seat by a dear little girl from Japan, I realized what a combination was before me. The master of ceremonies was a young Catholic lad, pushing his way to an education with many hindrances. The community takes pride in his success, for his ancestors once named the village. The prayer was by the Christian minister. The oration was from an Episcopal gentleman. A Methodist played the piano. A young Congregational Endeavorer announced the parts and did his platform duty with dignity, while he put through the afternoon sports with life and fairness. There's hope for our country when young America leads as he did July 4th. Children are a great investment.

Country Joys.

You meet many campers on the dusty roads now. I don't forget the main Santa Clara county roads are

sprinkled, making this the paradise for cyclists, automobiles and drivers. But the mountain trails get dusty. The salmon begin to bite at Santa Cruz. The deer are getting ready to run on the 15th. The coyotes are, some of them, eating their last meals of Plymouth Rocks. For Tracy and Forrest are getting out their guns. I'm glad for those who can't get away. An apricot parish can hold one like a parish of children. I'm thankful horses don't drop down dead with heat here, as they did in Chicago. I don't like to work in the sun from 10 a. m. to 3 p. m., but—I can if I must. And I do not fear sunstroke. Our papers do not tell of dangerous heat as the Eastern papers do. I have been thinking for years that it was our winter climate that gave us the advantage. I feel now as if our summer climate is the best. Indeed, we live in a good climate all the year. Like unto that beautiful land where the Divine Father sent his Divine Son, to show men how to live and what to die for as well as live for. "And so he was their Savior."

Summer Homes.

Mrs. Banks, who has a beautiful home near Saratoga, will welcome city friends as boarders. Mr. McElroy of Saratoga says it is a fine place, and I believe him. If any friends want summer homes in these foothills, let them write Mr. McElroy. He knows. He is a Christian gentleman whose word you may take.

More Memorable Meetings in Matsuyama.

BY REV. SYDNEY GULICK.

Aggressive Christian work in this city grows more aggressive and more interesting with each added month of the new century. Attendance at church services has been increasing and is decidedly larger now than for a year past. By request of the deacons of the Matsuyama church, the writer gave on Sunday evenings a course of three lectures on "Miracles," which attracted a goodly number of new faces to the meetings, among them the Keibucho (the Chief of Police of this Prefecture.) Many school teachers also attended.

The annual meetings of the Teachers of Ehime Prefecture, whose membership exceeds a thousand, was held in Matsuyama at the close of April. Being a representative meeting, the attendance was about seventy. Two months previous a committee of the Association called upon me, asking for an address on some educational topic, to which I gladly responded, speaking on the "Significance of Education from the Standpoint of Modern Physiological, Psychological and Sociological Theory." A full report of the address was published in one of the daily papers. The attitude of the teachers of this city is increasingly friendly to Christian teachers and missionaries.

But the meetings meriting chief attention have been those recently held by Rev. Mr. Miyama, the widely known temperance lecturer of Japan. He has been making a tour of Shikoku on behalf of the W. C. T. U. of Japan, visiting Kochi and Uwajima, and Oita and Nakatsu in Kyushu before reaching Matsuyama. Arriving here May 17th, he remained six days. During this time he spoke sixteen times, not counting various talks to small groups of young men and women. His set speeches exceeded twenty hours. I had the pleasure of listening to fourteen of his addresses, and was increasingly impressed with his power: his illustrations were invariably new, and he made no use of notes during the entire time. He rarely spoke less than an hour, and in some cases he spoke for nearly two hours. His more important addresses were delivered in the Chu Gakko to 500 young men and teachers, in the Police School to 60 policemen,

and all the upper police officials, in the prison to 70 officials, in the Normal School to 500 young men, young women and teachers, in the city Girls' High School to 400 girls and teachers, in the Matsuyama Christian Girls' School to 70 girls, to a large woman's meeting also in the girls' school building, and twice in the theater. Visits were also made to two neighboring towns, which were much stirred by the addresses.

In addition to these distinctly temperance addresses, Mr. Miyama held four gospel meetings, urging men to repent and begin Christian lives, enforcing his points by many pointed illustrations from life.

The temperance addresses were cordially welcomed on every hand. The evil of the drinking habits of Japan are pretty generally recognized by all persons in authority here, and though not ready yet to join a temperance society themselves, they are glad to have those under them do so, and rejoice in our efforts to overthrow the drinking evil. The Prefectural Chief of Police urged his men to give heed to Mr. Miyama's words in a cordial introductory address, the first experience of the kind Mr. Miyama has had. I have heard that shortly after the head of the city police told his men that hereafter, instead of using sake at their social and farewell gatherings, he wished them to use the money in presenting the departing friend with some gift. The Principal of the Chu Gakko, though notorious for his drinking habits, put himself out not a little to help Mr. Miyama speak to the soldiers. The efforts were not crowned with success, but they showed the good will behind them. The Principal of the Normal School was more than friendly. The evils of drink among the students he deeply laments, and is himself interested in starting a temperance society among them. If this plan carries, it will be the first temperance society in a normal school in Japan.

The day after Mr. Miyama left, a preliminary meeting was held for organizing a Matsuyama Temperance Society, which was attended by over fifty persons. At present the outlook is promising; as soon as the returns come in we plan for an active campaign of investigation.

But the most important result of Mr. Miyama's visit has been the renewed life among many of the Christians, and the decision to live a righteous life, following the teachings of Jesus, by about twenty young men and women. We are much rejoiced, although we also grieve over the fact that a number of old Christians failed to attend the meetings or receive any of the spiritual uplift. We are also mourning over the lapse of some of the more prominent Christians from their former earnest life. Thus are the lights and shadows of our work blended.

One of the striking facts in our recent revival is the cordiality with which our temperance work has been met from outside, and the commendation of Christianity it has called forth, while at the same time the Christians have manifested considerable hesitancy in taking the temperance pledge. Many, indeed the majority, of those who have signed the pledge and become members are non-Christian, although of these a goodly number are nearly ready to join us. The weakness of our church is manifested by the fact that not one of our deacons has yet felt able to join the temperance society. In a recent conversation, however, with one of them, the statement was made that matters have come to such a pass that he must either leave the church or join the society. In view of his earnest work for many years and his own temperance habits, I cannot believe he will leave the church. This is, however, a time of searching of hearts, for which

we are thankful. We shall come out of it a purified and strengthened church, ready to take part in the great evangelistic work of this opening year of the new century.

Since writing the above, word has begun to come in of the great revivals in progress in Tokyo and Osaka. One of our Christians, who for some time has been very lax in his Christian life, has returned from Osaka, where he attended many meetings and received a rich spiritual blessings. His report and stirring words are firing others of our luke-warm Christians. Arrangements have just been made for a week of meetings, for preaching and prayer, from which we expect much. Should the whole body of our luke-warm Christians be fired with a new zeal, we, too, shall be given power to reach the untouched masses. For this many among us are praying earnestly.

A Neglected Matter.

REV. C. D. MILLIKEN.

We want our work for God to be intelligent and skillful and to accomplish thoroughly. Such work may well forget some of the methods which are behind, as it presses forward into the future. Christian activities with many are called into conscious exercise only on Sunday. To walk the well-worn Sunday path comprises a minor part of what ought to be a Christian's work. This weekly effort alone is pitiful. It should be the sweet flower of a plant that is busy growing every day.

" 'Tis as easy then for the heart to be true
As for grass to be green and skies to be blue—
'Tis the natural way of living."

Christ's work for the Father grew out of a love that found its deepest joy in daily service for all with whom he came in contact. The pulpit neglects to emphasize this truth and Christians forget to practice it. We must return to this practical life of Jesus: "Follow thou me." Exhibit his spirit in everything. This is not an age theological—it used to be. This should not be an age denominational. Mr. Sheldon's book, "How Twelve Churches Became One," is a prophecy of something blessed coming. This is not an age of efficacy in many words. It is an age intensely practical. Deeds out-distance words. To visit the afflicted and to keep oneself unspotted is pure religion. Does God require more than to *do* justly and to *walk* humbly before him?

To test the worth of a Christian's work, do not necessarily follow him to church, but observe the spirit which controls his actions through the week; his demeanor towards one who offends him; if he forgives with a big heart; if he goes to the altar with an offering and a grievance against a brother; if his hand is tender on a fevered brow; if he loves to turn tears to smiles.

A friend once came, saying that she was a member of the church and of the Endeavor society, that she usually repeated a verse in the meetings, and then asked, "Is this work for God?" "Certainly," I replied, "it is a work for God." Then she began: "I am in the dark, I do not understand; Christians say that they need Christ, they rejoice that they have Christ; just what does that mean? I do not have the feeling that I need Christ. How is my doing these little things work for God?"

Ah! said I, "you have my sympathy. I wandered through the same wilderness. For myself I solved the problem; it is not a solution for all; it may be for you. Do you not know that the world would be happier if all our actions were controlled by the same spirit that controlled the actions of Christ?"

"Yes."

"Do you not think that we all need more of that spirit than we possess?"

"Yes."

"Do you not see what it means to need Christ?"

"Yes, in that way."

"Then let that be to you *the* way. The more we try to be governed by that spirit the larger will be the measures of it granted to us. This Christ-like life is the Christian life, the Love life. To live this life is to draw near to God."

"How do you know?"

"For God is Love."

This young woman had from early years been exhorted to make her "calling and election sure."

"What does that mean?" she asked.

She had learned to repeat much Scripture and at twenty-five had come asking the great question, "What shall I do that I may *know* I have eternal life?" I told her to learn anew the story of the Good Samaritan and to pause long on the sentence, "This do and thou shalt live."

A week later she came again with a new countenance and I knew by a light in the eyes that darkness had fled. She had returned to offer a Christian's testimony; a week given to Christ deeds; an act of self-denial that had cost great effort, a sick person had been visited every day, a poor blind woman had been read to, a wound had been bound up, two quarreling children had been set at peace.

"And do you know I am happier than ever on Sunday after reciting a verse hastily found for the occasion; but there is a verse which I shall repeat next Sunday. I have been repeating it all the week. 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me.'"

Jesus' teachings along these lines appeared every day in both word and deed; many fold more than along the lines of the dialogue with Nicodemus. The emphasis of our teaching and preaching has been in inverse order. We begin with doctrine and use long words not found in the gospels—a priori. He began with works, the heavenly beauty of that spirit which, in his name, gives the cup of cold water. The heart which prompts that is the heart of the kingdom, easy to feel, plain to see, and it leads through the path of experience to doctrine; the natural induction of the principles of life. The a priori method leads many into darkness, creates Ingersolls, drives some of the brightest intellects that adorn the race into the deserts of skepticism.

The inductive method illumines even to the child step. He that willet to *do* cannot help, in this way, learning to *know* the doctrine.

With every deed done in his name must go confidence and prayer; prayer that urges him who prays to do what he can to bring the answer, confident that God will do the rest. Prayer to God to do what man can do is vain.

Two clergymen—one a large, the other a small man—were in a boat with a sailor. A hurricane arose and they were in imminent danger. "Let us hasten to pray," cried the little man. "Certainly," said the sailor, you may pray, but the big fellow has got to take an oar."

Mission to Israel.

An occasion of much interest was the recent dedication of the "Mission to Israel," located at 939 Howard street, San Francisco. The dedicatory sermon was by Rev. W. C. Pond, D.D., from the text Amos vii: 2—"By whom shall Jacob arise?" Of its quality nothing

more need be said. Among others who took part in these services was Rev. H. Jacobs, the missionary of the congregation. Himself converted from Judaism to Christianity three years since; he has thrown himself with unmeasured zeal into the work of leading men and women of his race to Christ.

A special and peculiar evidence of God's favor to the mission was the baptism of a Jewish youth, Bernard Nassau, "who was born there."

The President of the mission, one of the little band which first conceived the idea of undertaking the conversion of the Jews of San Francisco, gave a history of the Mission. Its beginning was in a private house in 1896, at a meeting composed half of Jewish converts and half of Christians. The interest rapidly increased, so that it soon became necessary to hire a hall. The co-operation of various Christian ministers was sought and obtained, and the work went forward. No immediate fruits were gathered. But not long did they labor before converts were gained, and bitter foes also. It was thus that Mr. Jacobs was first introduced to the Mission, having been brought there specifically to confound the workers and bring the work into contempt. This, with the zeal of Saul of Tarsus, he attempted through seven months of unceasing conflict.

At the end, however, to the surprise of all he rose, and confessed that, as the result of all his studies, he had become thoroughly convinced of the truth of the gospel. He accepted of Jesus as his Savior. "The holy fire of Christ is burning on my heart," he declared, "and I am looking up to the High Priest, the Messiah and Redeemer of Israel. Laugh or call me fool, if you please," he added, turning to his co-religionists, of whom about thirty were present, "but do not forget that I love you still."

Hardly had he sat down before the man who had introduced him arose and shouted, "You think you are leading this man further into heaven when you are leading him further into hell. Oh, would to God that I had broken my legs before I brought him here." But six months afterwards, he, too, made his confession of Jesus Christ as his Lord and Savior. "I have read the Old Testament," said he, "and I find the prophets leave a gap that Christ fills up."

The Sunday-School.

BY REV. F. B. PERKINS.

A New Beginning. (Gen. viii: 1-22.)

Lesson III. July 21, 1901.

The series of biblical studies on which we have now entered is intended to develop God's religious training of mankind. That is its constructive idea, the principle determining the selection of topics. We are to seek in them, primarily, progressive disclosures of God, and of man as God's child. Interesting questions will start up at every point, proper and valuable as subjects of study, but side issues and out of place here, save in their distinctly religious aspects. Matters still unsettled, and under discussion by Christian scholars, lie outside our path. Our specific field is the certainties of our Christian faith; and facts are valuable to us in proportion as definite conclusions have been reached.

Take, for illustration, the question of authorship. As regards the books we are to study for the coming six months, this is still a mooted question. The current opinion, that they are the works of Moses, is purely traditional; very venerable tradition, it is true, and by no

means disproved as yet, but only tradition, after all. What is certain about them, however, is this, that both in spirit and in tone they are worthy of that illustrious man. If not wholly his composition, they may at least be regarded as *mosaics*, and for practical use be designated as "the books of Moses." It does not detract from the value of these first lessons in God's religious training of mankind that they are a record of traditions handed down from the fathers; it only establishes the immense superiority of this line of tradition over those of other nations, and sets the seal of divinity upon it; in no other way can it be accounted for. And so, if Moses were not their sole author, or even their compiler, this only testifies to the richness of the prophetic order among the Hebrews. There were others, an unknown number, upon whom the mantle of Moses in this respect might rest. It no more detracts from the substantial correctness of the Pentateuch than of the Gospel of Luke, which was similarly compiled (Luke i: 1).

Take this story of the flood as a specific illustration. It is not scientifically told. The narrator must have gained his knowledge from tradition, oral or written, and recorded it from the point of view of an intelligent spectator. What is wonderful about it, however, is, that in his selection and arrangement of matter, and in the verbal dress in which he clothed it, he was so guided as to avoid anything to which the most advanced science of the present day can take exception. Indeed, the course of scientific discovery is marvelously confirmatory of its substantial correctness. Just now, e. g., comes Prof. Wright, an acknowledged authority in geology, fresh from a journey across Central Asia, undertaken expressly in the interests of science. He tells us that over all that plateau (See McClure's Magazine, June, 1901) there is a total absence of any evidences of glacial action, such as abound in other sections, and no less suggestive evidence "of a great subsidence of the land which had taken place in recent geologic time." Speaking as a geologist, his conclusion is that any modern scientist, before a popular audience, might adopt the biblical account of the deluge as his own, and back it by the latest science.

Assuming, then, the substantial correctness of the Mosaic story, we have only to note its characteristic features and implications.

The Natural History of the Flood.

At the time, then, of which we speak, science would say changes were occurring in the earth's crust. As a result of this the waters encroached upon large portions of land, previously elevated, and whatever there was of life, whether animal or vegetable, perished. But after a while, and in precisely the locality where tradition has fixed the first home of our race, these changes became very rapid and destructive, with the final result of a complete submergence of all that region, an intruding tidal wave, and consequent destruction of life. There science ends: but at this point the Bible takes up the story, adding to it some particulars, e. g., the coincident cloudburst and continuous rains; but, most important of all, pointing out the religious significance and timeliness of these great natural and providential changes. The biblical narrative is conceived on a higher plane than merely natural science; it deals with reasons regarding which strict science can say nothing; but it is to be received with as implicit confidence, for it is backed by testimony every whit as conclusive as that of the rocks.

The Religious History.

Let us reconstruct this whole tragic drama, so far as we can.

The first sin disclosed the characteristic element in all sin. Sin is lawlessness, disobedience. The debasing influence upon the immediate sinners was also at once and increasingly manifest. Mind and body alike were involved (ii: 8, 12, 13). Its real virus and fatality, however, could be understood only in the light of history. Adam's successors could realize it far more clearly than he.

1. The taint of blood, the inheritance of evil tendencies; was one of these fatal consequences which must have made itself felt increasingly as the years passed on.

2. The impairment of spiritual vision was another disability. The absolutely intuitive apprehension of God, and the eternal truths of God, was gone. Adam suffered from this, but his children more, and every generation following.

3. The external conditions of life, too, showed more and more unfriendly. Nature was in revolt. Thorns and thistles and wearisome toil were seen to be the rule, instead of the former harmonious order of the garden.

4. Against these severe conditions Adam struggled manfully and not unsuccessfully. But,

5. His descendants entering life on this lower level, handicapped from birth and not having the memory of happier days to strengthen their better impulses, rapidly deteriorated; the baser elements of their nature gained the ascendancy, becoming continually more active and dominant; the obstacles to practical goodness and a childlike walk with God more numerous and formidable with every succeeding generation, under the law of action and reaction. The "passions of sins" were thus transmitted from fathers to sons until this became the characteristic of the world—"the imagination of the thoughts of the heart only evil continually."

6. This downward tendency was accelerated by marriages between the children of God and the children of men; i. e., between the godly and the godless elements of society. The result of these intermarriages was to bring the higher down to the lower level of religion and life, not to lift the lower up to the higher. And as the world was then a brainy and mettlesome world, its godlessness took on the forms of outbreathing wickedness, violence and crime. Characterizing them as a whole, the race seemed altogether bad. It was not exactly so, for there was always a holy seed remaining, but so it would seem to an observer. And so it came about that, in all the generations from Adam to Noah, only one name is catalogued as having "walked with God," rising up thus to humanity's crowning honor and boon.

8. It came to this at last, that the guilty race must be wiped off from the face of the earth, that a new beginning might be made. So God decreed the flood.

9. Not hastily, however; not until the one righteous family were secure; not until a chance was also given for the sinful race, at the last moment, to reverse the decree by repentance. So, for 120 years (iii: 3) He provided that calls to a better life should be sounded in their ears (II Pet. ii: 5). Through all that time, also, the mysterious ark was constructing before their eyes; some even from among themselves being engaged upon the work—a testimony, this, to the motive in God's delay (II Pet. iii: 8, 9), and a call to timely repentance. Later still, came the provisioning of the ark, and the solemn procession into its shelter. All in vain. Carelessly the infatuated race went about their wonted occupations—eating, drinking, buying, selling, marrying and giving in marriage, until the destined hour struck; then,

10. The flood-submerged world, a waste of waters, upon which floated one solitary ship, bearing eight souls, the seed for future sowing. The old world was ended.

The New World.

1. But "God remembered Noah," and his family and living freight. Not seldom, it may be surmised, especially as the weeks wore on, it might have seemed otherwise. The first jubilant realizations of safety were succeeded by a painful sense of isolation. Memories of friends forever gone haunted them; the cessation of accustomed occupations wore upon them; the thousand annoyances of crowded and contracted quarters irritated them. Strange indeed if some, at least, of them had not lost heart and yielded to the unbelieving thought, "All things are against us"; if, like the Israelites just out of Egypt, and like ourselves, in too many exigencies, they had not imagined themselves abandoned, their ark seeming a prison rather than a refuge.

But it is not God's way to desert his servants; and all in due order and time he caused the waters to recede and the dry land to appear. The day came when the new world was prepared and the redeemed family could go forth to possess it.

2. The different steps by which this was effected give striking testimony to the sterling quality of Noah's character. He had gone into that ark only as God had directed him; he had borne up submissively under the trials, physical and mental, of his enforced confinement, and now he would not leave it until God gave the word, and as He prescribed.

It must have been with mingled awe, and exultation, and sadness, that the rescued family looked about them on the day they abandoned the ark; strange, indeed, if there were not heart-sinking, contending with hope and holy purpose. But howsoever this was, there was no hesitation in their action; and first of all, as was meet, Noah "builded an altar unto the Lord," and offered a burnt offering to his Deliverer.

3. What, now, was the religious capital with which the new humanity began its course of peopling and cultivating the new world?—What accession of religious knowledge did they carry forth with them, for the government of their lives?

(1) Certainly, they must have gained a new and larger sense of the personal God as supremely active in the affairs of the world. The flood was his work. There was no doubt of that.

(2) That righteousness was his grand distinction must have gained fresh illustration; not a mere perception of the difference between right and wrong; not personal goodness only, nor a preference for goodness over evil in mankind; but a real and hearty passion for righteousness, both in himself and others, with the accompanying purpose to make righteousness the characteristic of the universe.

(3) They had had convincing demonstration, both of the essential nature of sin and its development in character and in penalty.

(4) Fresh impressions, too, of God's long-suffering patience, of his fatherly love and compassion; but with this also a despair of any better result from further trial of the race, except through more positive divine help than the antediluvians had enjoyed. So I would interpret that altar of burnt offering, set up hard by the door by which they had again gone out into the world.

In addition to these established convictions, moreover, God in his mercy adds these:

(1) First, by the restrictions by which he hedged it about, he would impress upon them the sacredness of human life, and secure this against violent assaults (Gen. ix: 5, 6). Again

(2) He would allay their natural apprehension of a recurrence of such a catastrophe as that which had left

them the sole survivors of the race. "I do set my bow in the cloud." In that beautiful phenomenon, formed by the sunshine and the rain, they should forever after mark his pledge that never again should a similar flood overwhelm the sinful world. (Gen. ix: 11-17.)

(3) By his renewed approval of penitential sacrifices, also (viii: 20-22), he would brighten the sinner's hope of pardon, and cheer the long and often dreary way, which led on to the effective sacrifice—"the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world."

So the new order is established.

Christian Endeavor Service.

By Rev. J. H. Goodell.

A Strong Weak Man (Judges xvi: 20-30.)

Topic for July 21, 1901.

There is little use in attempting to understand God's revelation unless we use God's definitions. Current use of a word gives it its meaning. Current use depends upon the grade of civilization in which the word is found. Among cannibals greatness would mean a very different quality of character from its significance in England or America. Jesus gave it a meaning which it has scarcely obtained to this day, even in the highest forms of modern culture. Where is the individual whose absorbing purpose is to minister and be "servant of all," who is pointed out and generally known as a great man? At least, he is so rare that that definition of the term cannot be said to be the current use of it, or in any general sense so understood. So, to comprehend what it involves to be a strong man in any real and permanent sense, we must be sure that we know God's definition of the word. God's definitions are always scientific, because they convey ultimate truth. Current use and current conceptions are always so far false as they differ from God's definitions. Education in divine definitions is the only true culture.

This history of Samson is a good one to study. It would be interesting to know how many Endeavorers have ever given any serious thought to the query, whether they are strong or weak. Multitudes of them have questioned their degree of education, of their culture in manners, of their popularity, or even of their good looks; but to question how far one has filled out the divine ideal of strength—are we strong in the sight of God?—may not be so common. Now that personal culture and individualism in development and achievement are so prominent in the society of our day, a careful inspection of the character placed before us may be of value.

We have been accustomed to consider Samson with pity or contempt. But that is because we have had placed before us his weakness exhibited in the white light of God's judgment. We do not know any man until the searchlight of God's description is turned upon him. It would not be any advantage to the public estimate of any person, in whom the Spirit of God does not dwell, if we could see him as God does. Samson was an ideal man in his day. What an oar he could have pulled! As for the gridiron and the football team, he would have been the pride of all colleges, including their faculties. Hunting mountain lions with our Vice-President would have been child's play for him! Think of Samson rounding up a herd of buffalos or taking a hand with some of our Philistines—the unruly tribes of Indians! And as for pugilism, what a corner he would have in "gate money," champion belts, and the like.

This is not all, by any means. He had good position, besides. Prominent people were glad to recognize him socially and offer their daughters to him in marriage. It was not wise for families or tribes or nations to trifle with his domestic affairs. Then, he had political standing. He had several presidential terms as the chief executive of the best nation on earth. The third term question did not trouble him. If he had really been as "strong" as public opinion estimated him, there is no telling just how many terms he would have had in the executive mansion. In the matter of military prowess he seems unmatched, for if he had a convenient jaw-bone in his hand, it did not appear to be any trouble to him to kill a thousand or two in any time of emergency. Reading up his family history, he seems to have had as much blue blood in his veins as any of our popes, poets or presidents. Indeed, if it had not been for this little exposition of his character, perhaps Samson might have had a unanimous vote for a tablet in the "Hall of Fame."

The fact is, that with all this man had, and was, and did, the light of God's judgment of him has made him one of the most disappointing men of all history. This is our lesson from this study. He did not give the Spirit of the Lord, who began with him, a chance to build up and complete his character. Samson had some deficiencies, just as you and I have, which required the work of God to repair. He was very strong on the drink question, but he was weak along some other lines. He could be enticed. It was easy to persuade him on the side of his self-love. This is our danger. We all have it in some quarter. We are very strong on some points of character. We are apt to measure ourselves and our safety by those unassailable qualities. But it needs God and his Spirit working in us all the while to search out and cure the defects through which our failure is sure to enter. No man is strong, or will ultimately be proved to be so, who is not in the hands of his Redeemer, to be made strong. We need to have every book we read, every companion whom we trust, and every plan we follow and every culture we give ourselves, on the side of strength as God is striving to give it to us.

It was a very characteristic and excellent paper which Prof. Moor read at the Ministers' Meeting two weeks since (and which was unfortunately crowded out of our last issue), on the new way of stating the divinity of Christ. After a kindly and sympathetic review of the Ritschlian views, including an account of their way of coming to them and the force they attach to them, he quietly and kindly showed that what the Ritschlians hold requires them to go further and hold some other things which they are inclined to deny, or at least to let drop. If Christ is truly God, if he has this moral worth to us, the question will necessarily arise, How is he God, and what, in real essence, is he? And this will lead directly into the realm of "metaphysics," which the Ritschlians have thought they could avoid. Prof. Foster spoke at length after the paper, saying many of the same things in his own fashion, and incidentally, in answer to a question, discussing the arguments of Ritschlians against the miraculous conception of our Lord. Prof. Foster is the better qualified to speak upon Ritschl than he was a pupil of this theologian in Göttingen. Our Seminary seems in no danger of going to this phase of new theology.

Died.

SWEETSER.—In Sacramento, Cal., July 4, 1901, Sarah S. Pratt, wife of A. C. Sweetser, a native of Maine.

Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific.

President.....	Mrs. A. P. Peck. 819 Fifteenth street, Oakland.
Treasurer.....	Mrs. S. M. Dodge. 1275 Sixth avenue, Oakland.
Home Secretary.....	Mrs. C. B. Bradley. 2639 Durant avenue, Berkeley.
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Branch Secretary.....	Mrs. H. E. Jewett. 2511 Benvenue avenue, Berkeley.
Treasurer Young Ladies' Branch.....	Miss Grace Goodhue. 1722 Geary street, San Francisco.

From East Central Africa.

The death of the renowned rain doctor, Umjakanja, our late chief, caused us unexpected delay in building, because none of his people would work until the two months' period of mourning was over.

When the new chief was crowned I went to see the ceremony. This was an interesting affair, simple but impressive in a way. When, after days of delay, the morning for the final ceremony came, I betook myself to the kraal, six miles away, and sat for four hours talking to the man soon to be made chief, the successor of a long line of noted rain doctors. In the central hut were several men, evidently possessed of evil spirits. Sounds most unearthly came from within. Occasionally out rushed an old man looking as if scared. He rushed hither and thither, then paced jerkily around the kraal. They said these men were the mediums, through whom the spirits of the dead chiefs were communicating to the head men of the tribe their will in regard to a successor, whom, by the way, I had a month before induced the people to designate. They were induced by fear. I said to them: "You have no chief now. The white chief is coming soon to collect taxes from you, and he will ask, 'Where is your chief?' and if you have no chief, what are you going to answer? If he finds a large tribe like yours without a chief, perhaps he may appoint his own chief over you." The following week they met and designated the successor to the dead Umjakanja.

At the coronation I became so tired of sitting on a hard stone in the old stone wall about the kraal that I threatened to go into that central hut and drive out the evil spirits with a rod. Whether the men thought I meant it or not, or the spirits of the old dead chief heard me or not, I cannot say, but very shortly the principal medium came out, and addressing the crowd, said: "What wait ye for? Do what ye do, seize the chief and make him your king. Allow him not to escape. Strip him and clothe him in regal robes." Whereupon happened a series of phenomena, which, under the circumstances, were startling. Out of the clear sky at mid-day thunder came. To a people who may be called the sacred tribe of the Amandawo, what could be a more favorable omen? Was not this Mabota, Umjakanja's father, speaking his approval of the ceremony about to take place? The frenzy, a joyful frenzy, which seized those old mediums, was remarkable, and cannot be appreciated unless seen. I remember a similar possession coming on one of Gungunyana's soldiers, when a white man threatened him with a battle-ax.

And now out of the hut came a black ox-hide, four rifles, blankets, mats, wild beasts' tails, umbrellas and a cup (enameled ware) and various trinkets. * * * These goods, it seems, belonged to the late chief. The successor then left my side and he was taken by the hand and

led to the skin, upon which he was forced to sit, his garments taken off, a blanket thrown about him, he making some show of resistance the while. At his side was placed a girl of about fourteen years, I should think—weak, thin and sickly looking. Next a half-brother of the new chief was placed behind him, and a young wife of the late chief placed beside him. All were seated on the one skin. The second woman was a fine specimen of humanity. Next, the man in whose family abides the right to anoint the chief, came forward with a pot of native beer, and an immense cup cut out of a gourd, and with the word, "You, Niseni, are no longer Niseni, but Umjakanja, the successor of your father. May you rule well the people of Umjakanja from this day forth!" He emptied the cup of beer over the successor's head and over the heads of the sickly girl and the brother and the other woman. It seems that the brother is to share the burden of office with him, but has no right of succession.

Now comes a remarkable fact; let every Christian Endeavorer in America consider it in all its bearings. This weakly girl, I learned to my astonishment, is the new queen, or head wife of the new chief. But why such a creature be chosen for this high position? Imagine my surprise when they replied, "Because she is so pious." The word "pious" is used according to their ideas of piety. It was said she was most zealous in her belief in the miraculous powers of the late chief, and that she went about the daily duties directed by the spirit of the late chief. I was a bit skeptical, and wished to know now they found out that she was so pious, and that Umjakanja so approved of her piety. All they could offer in explanation was that the girl was all the time going unbidden to the brook for water, and when questioned why she went and who sent her, she replied, "The spirits of the chief send me." She would rise up at night and risk the dangers from the lions, "because," she said, "the spirits want water."

Personally, I am inclined to think the girl a little wrong in the head. Yet, think of the lesson that she and these wild, superstitious savages teach us. Where, for instance, is there a civilized Christian people who will deliberately pass by the daughters of kings, and elevate to the throne a poor, sickly, obscure maiden because she is pious? Where are the Christian Endeavorers who will choose the most unattractive-appearing girl, weak and sickly, for their President? I hope there are many Christian Endeavorers who would do so because she was the most Christlike.

But my wonder was not to stop here. Just as the ceremony was complete, exactly as the women and men broke into a shout of approval, heavy drops of rain came down, and I walked back to my camp drenched! From a human point of view, could aught have happened more calculated to confirm the faith of the people in the rain-making power of their chiefs? Amid firing of guns, dancing and singing, I left them, very greatly puzzled over the ways of God and the ways of men. You must remember that on one occasion Umzila, father of Gungunyana, believing Umjakanja, the late chief, to be an impostor, ordered him to fill a dried-up pool with water before sunset, and, failing to do it, to be killed. The rain came before night and filled the pool. Gungunyana did his utmost to make Umjakanja go with him when he migrated to Bileni, and on his persistently refusing ordered a soldier to shoot him. The soldier fired, but missed, and they say the bullet and powder disappeared, and water came out of the muzzle! I could only hope and pray that, inasmuch as this new chief had come to the "throne" of his ancestors under such favoring cir-

cumstances, in the view of the people, he might be speedily converted; when, from his exalted position, he might the more readily induce his people to follow him. He gave me a fine goat the other day.—Rev. G. A. Wilder, in *Missionary Herald*.

Church News.

Northern California.

San Francisco Park.—One was received on confession.

San Francisco Olivet.—One was admitted to membership.

San Francisco Fourth.—A very encouraging outlook. Five additions to the church membership, four of them on confession.

San Francisco Richmond.—The pastor rested on Sunday. Two laymen, Judge Fitch and Mr. J. B. Hughes preached most acceptably.

San Francisco First.—Cheering reports were given, best of all, the deep and pervading spiritual life visible in every direction. It was communion Sunday. Nineteen were received to membership by letter and six on confession of their faith. At a special meeting in the evening ten more were recommended for admission at the September communion.

The pastor and Mrs. Adams sail on the 12th inst. for Honolulu, where Dr. Adams will supply the pulpit of the Union church.

Kenwood and Glen Ellen.—A good work is going on in this dual parish under Mr. and Mrs. Cherington. Communion services were held in both churches, and also Children's Day exercises. Seven united with the Glen Ellen church on confession of their faith.

San Rafael.—A day of intense and solemn interest. The pastor's two sons were with him, were united by him in marriage to their chosen partners, and one of them preached in the evening. Dr. H. H. Atkinson leaves within a few days for his mission station in Harpoot.

San Mateo.—The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was celebrated on Sunday morning; two were received into church fellowship—one by letter and one on profession of faith. The church is much encouraged in the fact that there have been additions at every communion during the present pastorate. Attendance at all services is good for the time of the year. The pastor's sermon on Sunday evening, on "God's Hand in the Affairs of Nations," was an appeal to men to acknowledge the controlling influences of God in national as in individual life.

Southern California.

Lemon Grove.—July 7th was a "red-letter" day in the history of the little church at Lemon Grove, when eleven were received into fellowship, nine on confession. The C. E. Society has more than doubled its membership in the past few weeks. A. E. Bradstreet is pastor.

Dedication at Petaluma.

The Congregational church at Petaluma was organized in 1854. During this nearly half-century they have worshipped in one building. For some time now its inadequacy has been more and more evident. But how to

build was the question. Finally, the senior deacon of the church, Mr. Case, came to the then pastor, Rev. J. H. Goodell, with an offer to donate a lot to the church, erect a parsonage thereon, and give the first one thousand dollars toward a new church. The other members and friends of the church added to the initial subscription until on Friday last a new church, completed, with all conveniences, was dedicated, entirely free from debt. The last two hundred and fifty dollars were sent by the son of a former pastor, Mr. C. S. Hutchins. The church is built upon the plans of the Market Street church of Oakland. It is seated with opera chairs, beautifully lighted, carpeted throughout and the inside is finished in white cedar. At the dedicatory service the pastor of the church, Rev. S. C. Paterson made a preliminary statement. The keys were delivered to the Trustees by the Building Committee. Rev. Mr. Goodell, the former pastor, gave a history of the building. Rev. W. C. Pond, D.D., thirty years since pastor of this church, gave the principal address. Rev. Mr. Huston of the Baptist church brought the greetings of the Petaluma Ministerial Union. Rev. L. D. Rathbone of Santa Rosa extended the greetings of the Sonoma Association. Rev. B. F. Sargent of Berkeley, the predecessor of Mr. Goodell in the pastorate, made the dedicatory prayer, and Rev. W. W. Madge, another ex-pastor, spoke for the ex-pastors. In the evening a reception was tendered to the new pastor, Rev. S. C. Paterson, and wife. A beautiful church, a united people, a prosperous community, the outlook for this church is for a larger and wider usefulness for the future than ever in the past. We extend our hearty congratulations to Petaluma.

Notes and Personals.

Rev. and Mrs. O. W. Lucas have begun a vacation trip in which, among other pleasures, they hope to visit the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo.

Rev. Elmer I. Goshen has been unanimously called to the pastorate of the Congregational church at Ogden. Mr. Goshen has already served the church acceptably for the past year.

The first degree of M. A. conferred by Pomona College was given at its recent commencement to Gilbert Nicholas Brink of the last graduating class of the Pacific Theological Seminary. Mr. Brink, as many of our readers know, goes soon to the Philippine Islands, under government appointment, to engage in educational work.

Married.

Married at San Rafael, at the home of the grooms' parents, and on the thirty-fourth anniversary of their marriage, Dr. Henry Herbert Atkinson, recently appointed by the A. B. C. F. M. as medical missionary at Kharput, Eastern Turkey, to Miss Tacy Adelia Wilkinson, and Rev. George Ernest Atkinson, pastor of the Congregational church, Etna Mills, to Miss Orrill E. Sherer of Tekoa, Wash. Rev. W. H. Atkinson, father of the young men, officiated.

The wedding was very quiet, none but immediate relatives being present, and all passed from the parlor of the manse to the service in the church for the observance of the Lord's Supper, thus ideally consecrating the new life of these happily married young Christian workers.

Oregon Letter.

By George H. Himes.

The memory of Dr. John McLaughlin, the representative of British interests in Oregon, as represented by the Hudson's Bay Company, a powerful mercantile corporation, from 1824 to 1846, has been revived to a large degree during the past three weeks, by the presence of his son David, as the guest of the Oregon Pioneer Association, which held its twenty-ninth annual reunion on June 14th. The territory, under control of Dr. McLaughlin, and of which he was the sole ruler during the years referred to, was an empire in itself. It was bounded on the south by the forty-second parallel; on the west by the Pacific ocean; on the north by "fifty-four-forty"; and on the east by the summit of the Rocky or Stony mountains—by some in the early days called the "Shining Mountains." His reign extended even below the forty-second parallel, for he had a trading point in the Valley of the Sacramento, and one at San Francisco. He was a man of powerful physique and great determination, energy and force of character, and withal a most loyal son of his country, and ardently devoted to its interests. Yet, with all this, and being a devout Catholic in addition, he gave a most cordial welcome to the early Protestant missionaries, and when the early settlers—home builders—began to arrive, he gave them aid and comfort continually, and earned most royally the name which in all justice should be applied to him, the "Benefactor of Oregon." All this kindly treatment, it should be borne in mind, was in direct and most positive opposition to the purpose of the great company or corporation, chartered by the crown of England, of which he was the head on the Pacific Coast, as well as against his own personal interest. Therein lies the great-heartedness of the man, and the time should never come in the annals of any part of the original Oregon, particularly that part south of the forty-ninth parallel, when his memory should fail to be cherished. It was in honor of the father, who died in 1857, that the son was invited to be the guest of the pioneers. He was born in 1820, at Fort William, upon the Canadian side of Superior Lake, and came with his father to the Oregon country in 1824. The latter located the trading establishment on Point Vancouver, on the north bank of the Columbia river, so named by Lieut. Broughton, a subordinate of Capt. George Vancouver, some time prior to 1800, and built a fort then for the protection of the interests of his company, and this came to be called Fort Vancouver, and the name is still retained in the nomenclature of our nation because it is the headquarters of the Military Department of the Columbia. David remained at this place until 1834, when he was sent to Paris to be educated. Eighteen months later he was placed in a military academy near London, and was graduated with distinction, and was given a commission to enter the British army at nineteen. His father, while consenting to the military education of his son, was not agreed to his entering the army as a life work, and hence, being in England at the time of his graduation, brought the young man back to Oregon. He served in a clerical capacity in connection with the company and for other lines of business for a number of years, and finally, when about thirty-nine years old, went off on a series of mining expeditions into British Columbia and Northern Idaho, and in the past few days has been visiting the scenes of his early years for the first time since his departure in 1859. The three weeks here has been one prolonged red-letter day with him, and a tardy recognition of the

services of his father has been given in a slight degree by those who still live who were recipients of his kindly offices in one way and another.

Yesterday Dr. J. W. Watts, a regularly ordained Congregational minister, died at his home in Lafayette at the age of 69 years. This was the result of injuries received four years ago while crossing a railroad track in a buggy. Dr. Watts was an Oregon pioneer, and came to Oregon in 1852. He held a number of county positions in the early days, and studied medicine in 1863, and became a successful practitioner. He was an ardent temperance worker, and was much in demand as a temperance speaker. He was President of the Oregon State Temperance Alliance for seven years, and was Vice-President of the National League of Temperance for one year. It was his vote as a presidential elector which made Rutherford B. Hayes President in 1876. He was a member of the Oregon Constitutional Convention in 1857, and represented his county in the State Legislature as State Senator. He was a man of large physical proportions and strong constitution, and but for the untoward accident would doubtless have been spared for many years of useful service to his fellows. The four years now ended have been years of constant pain, but he met it all without complaint and exemplified in all his life the complete trust he had in a righteous and loving heavenly father.

Portland, July 7, 1901.

The Fifth International Convention of the Epworth League will be held in this city July 18th-21st. Many delegates will arrive several days in advance of this time, so as to attend the great Chorus Concert on Tuesday evening, July 16th, also the Prayer-meeting receptions Wednesday evening, July 16th; some will be here for Sunday, the 14th. No less than 50,000 people will come to the city at this time and thousands have already written for accommodations in private families. We want the names and addresses of all those who are willing to accommodate our guests with room and board, or room alone, and what the cost will be to the delegates. Some delegates will want just room and breakfast. Send this information at once to Chas. H. J. Truman, Chairman Entertainment Committee, Y. M. C. A. Bldg., City.

Mr. Clifford W. Kantner, son of Rev. W. C. Kantner, D.D., of the Salem First church, was married at Dallas, Polk county, a few days ago. He has charge of the musical department of the La Creole Academy and is achieving marked success in his chosen profession.

Portland, June 30, 1901.

BOWMAN--JOHNSON.—At Santa Cruz, June 26th, by Rev. W. H. Cross of Saratoga, Miss Daisy Ernestine Bowman and Mr. Allen Johnson, both of Santa Cruz.

"The importance of the sleeping and bathing arrangements of a house is not half appreciated," writes Maria Parloa, in the "Ladies' Home Journal," giving some suggestions as to furnishing the house. "Every bedroom should be provided with the essentials for healthful sleep and the daily sponge bath. As nearly as possible, the room should be kept free from anything that would tend to contaminate the air. If possible the floor should be bare and the rugs so small that they can be taken outdoors with ease for cleaning and airing. Everything about the room should be washable. Above all, do not overfurnish the bedroom."

Our Boys and Girls.

A Generous Girl.

BY MRS. M. A. HOLT

One chilly day in April, while walking along the busy street of a large town, I noticed a plainly dressed little girl walking about in an aimless way, looking wistfully at everybody, and yet not daring to speak to anyone. I judged this by the manner in which she shrank away from those that went near her or dropped her head if others chanced to look at her.

She was looking into a bakery, through the large windows in front, in the same wistful way in which she had looked at the people passing to and fro. I knew very well what that look meant, for I had seen it too many times to be deceived. I was about to speak to the little waif, when another child of about the same age stepped in ahead of me, and spoke to her in such a sweet, pitying voice that I became deeply interested at once.

"Would you like something to eat, little girl?" was the low inquiry.

The newcomer also understood the meaning of the wistful look of the pale-faced child, and acted a little more quickly than I had done.

The one addressed looked quickly up to see if the words were real, or a joke. It did not take her long to decide, for these friendless little ones are generally quick to read human faces and tell the false from the true.

"Yes, I am so hungry," was the low, eager answer.

"Well, here is ten cents that papa gave me to spend for myself—but I will give it to you—you look so cold and hungry"; and the bright little coin immediately changed hands.

The hungry child, with an exclamation of joy, sprang toward the door of the bakery, while the sweet little girl that had acted the part of the good Samaritan smiled and went on. She understood also that the cry of joy contained a volume of thanks, and she was repaid for the sacrifice that she had made.

"Do you know the little girl that you have just helped?" I asked, as I followed slowly after the well-dressed little stranger.

"No, lady; but she looked so hungry that I felt sorry for her. Mamma always tells me to help those that look as though they needed help—if I can—and you know I could do so, as I had the ten cents."

This explained the sweet secret of the kindly deed. The child had been taught to do good by a loving Christian mother.

I went back to watch for the hungry little girl as she came out of the bakery, for I was connected with a society that looked after the poor of this large town.

She had two or three packages in her hands, and there was a happy smile upon her face. I thought it strange that ten cents should purchase so much, until I remembered that the baker was a kind-hearted Christian man.

Surely the shadow of my little story is touched with beautiful sunlight, and no one can fail to see the source of the same, which is Christian love and sympathy.—Presbyterian.

Bob Burdette, "To My Son."

So you are not going to church this morning, my son?

Ah, yes; I see. "The music is not good." That's a pity. That's what you go to church for, to hear the music we demand.

"And the pews are not comfortable." That's too bad; the Sabbath is the day of rest, and we go to church

for repose. The less we do through the week the more rest we clamor for on the Sabbath.

"The church is so far away; it is too far to walk, and I detest riding in a street car, and they're always crowded on the Sabbath." This is, indeed, distressing. Sometimes when I think how much farther away heaven is than the church, and that there are no conveyances on the road of any description, I wonder how some of us are going to get there.

"And the sermon is so long always." All these things are, indeed, to be regretted. I would regret them more sincerely, my boy, did I not know that you will often squeeze into a stuffed street car, with a hundred other men, breathing an incense of whisky, beer and tobacco, hang to a strap by your eyelids for two miles, and then pay fifty cents for the privileges of sitting on a rough plank in the hot sun for two hours longer, while in the intervals of the game a scratch band will blow discordant thunder out of a dozen misfit horns right into our ears, and come home to talk the rest of the family into a state of aural paralysis about the "dandiest game you ever saw played on that ground."

Ah, my boy, you see what staying away from church does. It develops a habit of lying. There isn't one man in a hundred who could go on the witness stand and give, under oath, the same reasons for not going to church that he gives to his family every Sunday morning. My son, if you didn't think you ought to go, you wouldn't make any excuses for not going. No man apologizes for doing right.—Texas Christian Advocate.

Too Big for His Boots.

With great trouble a small body of men were busy hoisting a heavy log to the top of the blockhouse that was being repaired, after an assault in one of the campaigns of the war of American Independence.

As the log swung to and fro, the voice of a little man was heard encouraging the workers with a "Heave away! There she goes! Heave ho!"

By and by there rode past an officer in plain clothes, who asked the little man why he did not help the others.

"Sir," was the pompous reply, "I am a corporal!"

"Indeed," said the other, "I did not know that; I ask our pardon, Mr. Corporal."

Dismounting without further ado, the officer lent a willing hand till the job was done. Then, wiping the honest sweat off his brow, he turned to the little man and remarked:

The next time, Mr. Corporal, you have a bit of work like that in hand, and too few men to do it, send for the commander-in-chief, and I'll come again and assist you."

With which offer and rebuke, General Washington left the astonished corporal to his own reflections.—Little Folks.

On one occasion, as Mr. Beecher was in the midst of an impassioned speech, some one attempted to interrupt him by suddenly crowing like a cock. It was done to perfection; a number of people laughed in spite of themselves, and Mr. Beecher's friends felt that in a moment the whole effect of the meeting, and of Mr. Beecher's thrilling appeals, might collapse. The orator, however, was equal to the occasion. He stopped, listened till the crowing ceased, and then, with a look of surprise, pulled out his watch. "Morning already!" he said, "my watch is only at ten. But there can be no mistake about it. The instincts of the lower animals are infallible." There was a roar of laughter. The "lower animals" in the gallery collapsed, and Mr. Beecher was able to resume as if nothing had occurred.—Young People's Paper.

The Home.

People Will Talk.

You may go through this world, but it will be very slow
If you listen to all that is said as you go;
You'll be worried, and fretted, and kept in a stew,
For meddlesome tongues must have something to do;
And people will talk.

If quiet and modest, you'll have it presumed
That your humble position is only assumed,
You're a wolf in sheep's clothing, or else you're a fool;
But don't get excited—keep perfectly cool,
For people will talk.

And then, if you show the least boldness of heart,
Or a slight inclination to take your own part,
They will call you an upstart, conceited, and vain;
But keep straight ahead—don't stop to explain,
For people will talk.

If you dress in the fashion, don't seek to escape,
For they criticise then in a different shape;
You're ahead of your means, or your tailor's unpaid;
But mind your own business—there's naught to be made,
For people will talk.

Now, the best way to do is to do as you please,
For your mind, if you have one, will then be at ease;
Of course, you will meet with all sorts of abuse,
But don't think to stop them—it ain't any use,
For people will talk.

Famous Old Men.

Socrates, when his hair whitened with the snow of age, learned to play on instruments of music. Cato, at fourscore, began his study of Greek, and the same age saw Plutarch beginning, with the enthusiasm of a boy, his first lesson in Latin. "The Character of Man," Theophrastus' magnum opus, was begun on his ninetieth birthday. Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales" was the work of the poet's declining years. Rousard, the father of French poetry, whose sonnets even translation cannot destroy, did not develop his poetic faculty until nearly fifty. Benjamin Franklin at this age had just taken his first steps of importance in philosophical pursuits. Arnauld, the theologian and sage, translated "Josephus" in his eightieth year. Winckelmann, one of the most famous writers on classic antiquities, was the son of a shoemaker, and lived in obscurity and ignorance until the prime of his life. Hobbes, the English philosopher, published his version of the "Odyssey" in his eighty-seventh year, and his "Iliad" one year later. Chevreul, the great French scientist, whose untiring labors in the realm of color have so enriched the world, was busy, keen, and active when death called him, some ten years ago, at the age of one hundred and three.

These men did not fear age; these few names from the great master roll of the famous ones who defied the years should be voices of hope and heartening to every individual whose courage and confidence is weak. The path of truth, higher living, truer development in every phase of life, is never shut from the individual until he closes it himself. Let man feel this, believe it, and make this faith a real and living action in his life, and there are no limits to his progress. The constant looking backward to what might have been instead of forward to what may be, is a great weakener of self-confidence. This worry for the old past, this wasted energy, for what no power in the world can restore, ever lessens the individual's faith in himself, weakens his efforts to develop himself for the future to the perfection of his possibilities.—Saturday Evening Post.

Helps to Patience.

A woman, whose life has been long checkered with many reverses, said lately: "Nothing has given me more courage to face every day's duties and troubles than a few words spoken to me when I was a child by my old father. He was the village doctor. I came into his office, where he was compounding medicine one day, looking cross and ready to cry.

"What is the matter, Mary?"

"I'm tired! I've been making beds and washing dishes all day and every day, and what good does it do? Tomorrow the beds will be to make and the dishes to wash over again."

"Look, my child," he said, "do you see these empty vials? They are all insignificant, cheap things, of no value in themselves; but in one I put a deadly poison, in another a sweet perfume, and in a third a healing medicine.

"Nobody cares for the vials; it is that which they carry which kills or cures. Your daily work, the dishes washed or unwashed, or the floors swept, are homely things, and count for nothing in themselves; but it is the anger or the sweet patience or zeal or high thoughts that you put into them that shall last. These make your life."

No strain is harder upon the young than to be forced to do work which they feel is beneath their facilities, yet no discipline is more helpful. "The wise builder," says Bolton, "watches not the bricks which his journeyman lays, but the manner in which he lays them."—Central Christian Advocate.

Why She Had No Big Tangles.

A parable says that there was a great king who employed his people to weave for him. The silk and wool and patterns were all given by the king, and he looked for people who worked diligently. He was very indulgent, and told them when any difficulty arose to send for him and he would help them; and never to fear troubling him, but to ask for help and instruction.

Among many men and women busy at their looms was one little child whom the king did not think too young to work. Often alone at her work, cheerfully and patiently she labored. One day, when the men and women were distressed at the sight of their failures—the silks were tangled and the weaving unlike the pattern—they gathered round the child and said: "Tell us how it is that you are so happy in your work; we are always in difficulties."

"Then why do you not send to the king?" said the little weaver. "He told us we might do so."

"So we do, night and morning."

"Ah," said the child, "but I send as often as I have a little tangle."

"The importance of the sleeping and bathing arrangements of a house is not half appreciated," writes Maria Parloa, in the "Ladies' Home Journal," giving some suggestions as to furnishing the house. "Every bedroom should be provided with the essentials for healthful sleep and the daily sponge bath. As nearly as possible, the room should be kept free from anything that would tend to contaminate the air. If possible the floor should be bare and the rugs so small that they can be taken outdoors with ease for cleaning and airing. Everything about the room should be washable. Above all, do not overfurnish the bedroom."

Brown: "You can always tell a young man who is just out of college."

Jones: "That's just where you are wrong. You can't tell him anything."—Ohio State Journal.

Arthur Stringer, in July Century.

A hunted thing, through copse and wood

Night after night he skulked and crawled,

To where amid dark homesteads stood
One gloomy garden locked and walled.

He paused in fear each step he took,
And waited till the moon was gone;
Then stole in by the little brook

That still laughed down the terraced lawn.

And up the well-known patch he crept,
And through the tangled briars tore;
And he, while they who sought him slept,

Saw his ancestral home once more.

There song and lights were still astir,
And by her he could see one stand,
(And he had fared so far to her!)

Who spoke with her and took her hand.

Then back by copse and wood he crept
While yet the dawn was cold and dim;
And while in her white room she slept,
'T was his old hound crawled back
with him.

"Success" for July has a most interesting communication from General Frederic Dent Grant on "The Redemption of a Land and a People." He says of the natives: "Naturally they are law-abiding, docile and indolent." The work in the soil, which is rich black loam, is very remunerative if carefully tilled. They quickly adapt themselves to American ways. It is not correct to speak of these people as barbaric. They belong to the fourteenth rather than to the twentieth century. They are intelligent and eager to adopt new methods. General Grant says it is a land of opportunities, that many of the volunteers are asking to be mustered out in the Philippines and remain there. The great merchants are Chinese. The franchise laws have been adjourned for the present, but they will soon again be in force and the larger industries depending on combined capital will be

more rapidly opened up. The July "Success" is excellent.

The July "Century" contains an open letter from John M. Eddy on "The City of Stockton's Unique Census Experiment." The federal census was supposed to have been taken June 1, 1900. The people of Stockton knew nothing of the result in their city and county until October 24th, when Bulletin No. 10 was issued from the Census Office at Washington, and a summary of its contents was telegraphed back to California. The Chamber of Commerce census of Stockton and San Joaquin county, through eighty-six enumerators, could have been proclaimed the morning of May 11th, the day following the date fixed by law for the reports of census marshals to be in the hands of the county superintendents.

CHEAPNESS OF HUMAN LIFE.

The estimation in which human life is held marks the moral tone of society. The Modoc outrage, the prevalence of suicide, the light sentences of juries, all indicate a deplorable decadence of moral sentiment. A girl shuddering with horror, summoned home by a beastly drunken father, asks a neighbor to accompany her for protection. The neighbor, acting upon her invitation, tries to quiet the irate monster; he calls to him in friendly tones, mentioning his name, but, in return for his kind offices, is shot down in cold blood by the whisky-soaked product of sin. The thing was atrocious from first to last. It is one case in a thousand. People will talk heredity and a lot of nonsense, but it is sin. It is promoted and defended by strong drink. There is nothing more dastardly wicked than the type produced by strong drink. There seems to be nothing that gets off so easy in the courts of justice as the criminals who commit their murderous deeds while under the influence of liquor.—Ex.

Only those who touch God can teach men.

CROWNING A KING.

The royal proclamation announcing the coronation of King Edward was read last Friday from St. James Palace with all the medieval ceremonies marking his accession. As we do not have any kings we are not qualified to say much about the "lavishly adorned tunics," nor the trumpeters inside of them, nor the protracted fanfare they sounded. This is their way of inaugurating their king. We are not much interested in the toggerly of the occasion as we are in the man. If King Edward proves to be as good a King as his mother was a Queen, we can overlook any and every external in the ceremonies marking his accession and his coronation. The fiesta, the mardigras, the jubilees, the reproduction of ancient scenes by means of "floats," is all childish and silly enough from a cold, unsentimental standpoint. The Spanish fiesta in Los Angeles, when President McKinley visited that city, was an expression of sentiment, striking and unique. The Chinese dragon was another. The whole thing was sentiment. To take seriously the medieval scenes re-enacted on these royal occasions is to deny the English people the rights we claim and practice in another relation among ourselves. It does not mean that King Edward nor his counsellors approve of or intend to inaugurate medieval rights or medieval society. It is the expression of sentiment by an appeal to history. We are amazed at the convulsions of some of our contemporaries over the English medievalism, and on the same page "throw up their hats" and shout at the passing fiesta. If we could have our Methodist way, we might have things still different in both crowning a king and receiving a president. We rejoice with them that rejoice, and pray for all the rulers. Great as is the crown of King Edward, it cannot be compared with the crown that will be placed upon the brow of many a saint between this time and next June—the coronation day.—Ex.

Worry is rust upon the blade.

KNOX'S (Please remember K=N=O=X) GELATINE

Beware of concerns that try to imitate my name and package.

I WILL MAIL FREE my book of seventy "Dainty Desserts for Dainty People," if you will send the name of your grocer. If you can't do this, send a two-cent stamp. For 5 cents in stamps, the book and full pint sample. For 15 cents the book and full two-quart package (two for 25 cents). Each large package contains pink color for fancy desserts. A large package of Knox's Gelatine will make two quarts (a half gallon) of jelly.

CHARLES. B. KNOX, 91 Knox Avenue, Johnstown, N. Y.



The Fad

Of the modern woman is health by exercise. It's an excellent fad, provided that it is always remembered that exercise cannot cure womanly diseases.



Indeed, where such diseases exist exercise is apt to aggravate the condition rather than to help it.

The first step toward establishing the general health is to establish the local womanly health. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription cures womanly diseases which undermine the general health. It establishes regularity, dries enfeebling drains, heals inflammation and ulceration and cures female weakness.

When these are cured, backache, headache and nervousness are things of the past. The universal testimony of weak and sickly women, cured by "Favorite Prescription," is this: "It has made me feel like a new woman."

"My wife has used three bottles of Dr. Pierce's medicine, and I never saw such results," writes A. B. Haynes, Esq., of Aurora, Lawrence Co., Mo. "It was wonderful in its work. We had used lots of medicine, also had one of the best physicians in Aurora, but my wife got no better; we heard one pitiful groan after another, day and night. A friend handed me a copy of Dr. Pierce's book, the Common Sense Medical Adviser, and after reading the testimonials of Dr. Pierce's successful treatment, and seeing that the cases described were similar to my wife's, I bought for her a bottle of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Before she had taken all of the medicine she was up and helping to do the work. She has taken three bottles and is now about well. Has better health than she has had for years."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation.

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SALOONS AND SOCIETY.

Recently a Kansas City judge has decided that saloons may be kept open on Sunday, though in violation of the law, provided they keep an orderly saloon. Such judges must be held responsible for the perpetuation of the saloon. What other line of business could run in open violation of the ordinances of the city or contemptuously ignore the statutes of the State? The decision of a judge, sworn to keep the law and admitting that the saloon men are violating the law, and yet refusing to enjoin them, seems to be a remarkable condition of things. The point of issue was to compel the Police Commissioners to revoke the license of the saloon-keepers who had been convicted in the Police Court for selling on Sunday against the orders of the Mayor and the Board. The saloon men are in a position to defy the Mayor and the City Board, because they happen to own the Police Commissioners. If the saloons did nothing worthy of condemnation, except defy the law, they ought to be banished. It is in the saloons that anarchism and unlawful plots are conceived and matured. The butchers, the grocers, the cloak-dealers, and every other business closes at reasonable hours. Who ever heard of a boycott on a miserable saloon? Why not go up and down in front of the saloon and cry out, "Unfair! Unfair! Unfair house!" They feed upon honest toil; they run all day, all night and seven days in the week. Until the saloon is banished, society, in all its industrial and social relations, must continue to suffer untold misery. The American saloon is the American school of anarchy and vice.—C. G. Advocate.

A SLIGHT DEFICIT.

A weather-stained, creaking wagon drew up in front of a photographer's establishment in a Georgia town. Beneath its body a lean hound came to a standstill. Strapped on behind was an armful of fodder, and from the whiffletree swung a clanking wooden bucket.

A man clad in jeans trousers, homespun shirt, and guiltless of coat or vest, emerged from the vehicle's anterior extremity. His length of limb, of face, of articulation, stamped him as one of na-

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All Market Street Cars run within one block of the House. Ellis Street Cars pass the door.



Eats Clothes

If your washing medium does that, what matters its cheapness or its working power? Is it safe? That's the first thing. Some imitations of PEARLINE are not safe. They eat the clothes, slowly, but surely. Don't experiment. You are sure of PEARLINE; stick to it; it is standard, tested, proved, by years of use and millions of women. 638

ture's own. Settling his soft slouch-hat on the back of his head, he adjusted his lone gallus and gave the lines to the wife and baby within. Behind these, from the dome of canvas beyond, peered, big-eyed and solemn, numerous editions of the lord and master, merging one into the other with almost imperceptible gradations of size.

Entering the shop, the stranger paused before a case of sample photographs, and pointing to one, said, "Mister, what d'yer charge fer takin' picts like that?"

"Three dollars a dozen," replied the clerk.

Thrusting his hands into his pockets, he turned thoughtfully toward the wagonful of offspring. "Waal, I reckon I'll have ter wait a bit," he said, softly, to himself; "I 'ain't got but 'leven."—F. B., in the Drawer, Harper's, for July.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that Chas. H. Jacob & Co., Funeral Directors and Embalmers, 318 Mason street, San Francisco, Cal., has, by order of Court, had his name changed to Chas. H. J. Truman, by reason of which, the name of his firm becomes, Chas. H. J. Truman & Co. Under this name he continues to do business at the same place. Telephone, MAIN 5213.

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